HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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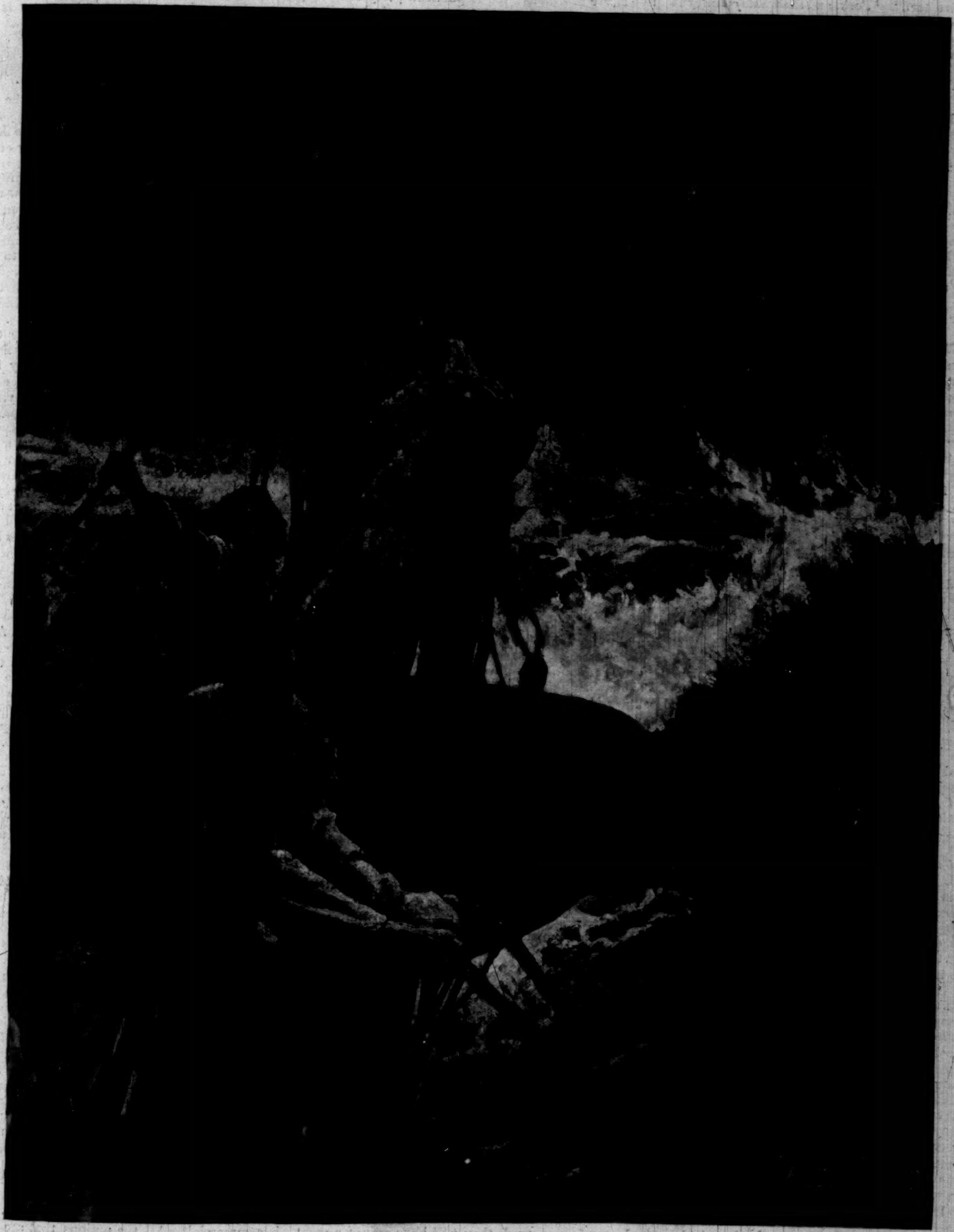

IN THE MAINTOP OF THE "VANDALIA."—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.

[See "Adventures of American Army and Navy Officers," Page 38.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 8, 1898

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TAMMANY HALL is now in power throughout the Greater New York, and the whole country is interested in observing how much the fear of what may happen at the end of four years will restrain the native appetite of the braves for villany.

THE President has assured the Republicans of Indiana that he intends to stand by the sound-money plank of the St. Louis platform, and, in their turn, the Republicans of Indiana have notified the President that this is what they expected of him, and that they also expect that he will be firm in his promise to maintain and extend the merit system. In view of the immediate pressure that spoils politicians in Washington may bring to bear upon the President, it would be well if the example set by the Republicans of Indiana were followed by the Republicans of other States. The President's inclinations and promises as to civil service reform are of the right kind, but a little popular encouragement would not come amiss to him nor injure the cause.

SIR WILLIAM LOCKHART has retreated, and the question is, have the Afridis beaten the British, or have the British simply failed to beat the Afridis? It is perfectly certain, at all events, that the Afridis are not defeated. They were eager for the fight up to the last moment, and are now sitting down in their hill fastnesses to pass the winter in congratulating one another upon the victory they have won over the British Empire. Although the largest force ever mobilized in India was made ready for the punishment of the tribesmen, there has been the old story of insufficient numbers upon every emergency, and of great lack of transportation. The tribesmen are not conquered, and it is unlikely that their further punishment will be undertaken. This means, perhaps, that the "forward movement" is at an end, and Great Britain will rest where she is, probably fortifying herself more strongly.

As we understand Senator WOLCOTT's position, he threatens to break with the administration if the President insists on urging Congress to pass the measure re-enforcing the existing gold standard of the country. Mr. WOLCOTT's colleague, Mr. TELLER, broke with the Republican party at the national convention of 1896 because it adopted the policy of the single gold standard. In this respect his course was honest and consistent; and if Mr. WOLCOTT, having remained in the Republican party for purposes of his own, now sees fit to contend that Mr. McKINLEY ought to violate his own and his party's pledges in behalf of silver, he is not so honest as Mr. TELLER; indeed, he is not honest at all. The Republican party is in power because the gold men believed its promises, and if Mr. WOLCOTT does not want those promises kept, he ought to have followed the example of Mr. TELLER. His course suggests the theory that to the WOLCOTT mind there is nothing in the money question but gambling and politics.

THE opposition to the postal savings-bank scheme which Postmaster-General GARY is seeking to make the central feature of his administration is evidently growing. The principal argument of the opponents is that the government would find it difficult to invest the money deposited. We should say that it would be impossible for the government to take care of this money with its present machinery, and now that conservative men are urging the government to withdraw from the business of banking, it is not the time to complicate that problem with a scheme to add to the duties of the Secretary of the Treasury the task of investing other people's money in private securities; for, as Professor TAUSSIG points out, postal savings-banks are successful in other countries because the money deposited may be invested in permanent or increasing public debts. Here the case is different. United States bonds are scarce and expensive, and, besides, it is the policy of the government to pay the public debt. We think the immediate danger would be that Congress would borrow the money deposited in the postal savings-banks and waste it, as it has wasted the surplus, in extravagant schemes.

THERE seems to be some probability of the defeat of HANNA in his attempt to secure reelection to the United States Senate in Ohio—at least Mr. CHARLES L. KURTZ, the leader of the Republican opposition to him, thinks so. Mr. KURTZ asserts that one year ago Mr. HANNA was not the enthusiastic and sincere friend of sound money that he now poses as being. On the contrary, according to Mr. KURTZ, he twice sent orders to that gentleman, who was then managing the campaign in Ohio, to change front and to yield to the silver men; and, still according to Mr. KURTZ, if it had not been for his determination to fight the free-silver movement, the Republican party of Mr. McKINLEY's State would have succumbed to it. The whole country will recall the early days of the Presidential campaign of 1896, and the fact that HANNA was then a very doubtful quantity; that it was then pretty generally understood that he favored a straddle, and no doubt he sustained Mr. McKINLEY himself in his unfortunate reticence. To treat HANNA as the leader of the campaign for sound money, as the soul as well as the head of a fight for principle, is ludicrous. He is a very ordinary and very vulgar politician of the richest kind, who has more faith in money than in discussion, and in cupidity than in conscience. He is unworthy even of the present Senate.

IT is a hopeful sign that the politicians are waking up to the fact that the pension list is a scandal. For a dozen years or more every writer on democracy, here and in Europe, has treated the pension list as an evidence against the efficacy and honesty of our form of government. Although our pension statesmen have been lauding their own votes and their own conduct in this matter as the republic's generosity to the old soldiers who risked their lives for the Union, no one has been deceived. Observers who live in this country and who are obliged to help pay the bills, and observers abroad, like Mr. BRYCE and Mr. LECKY, all have known that the self-vaunting politicians have been expending the public funds primarily in their own behalf—in brief, for the buying of votes by giving away pensions. Nor have they cared whether a pension was deserved or not—whether it went to a disabled old soldier unable to support himself, to a young widow who had married a pensioner, to a prosperous man not needing the government's bounty but taking it on the ground of being unable to support himself by manual labor, or to a deserter or a coward. The time has now come when the country wants to know the names of its beneficiaries, and to that end the pension list ought to be published. It ought to be posted in the post-office of each community, so that it may be read by the pensioners' neighbors. The country would be glad to know if all deserving soldiers are on the rolls, and who are there whose acceptance of the government's gifts mark them as mendicants, and sometimes as dishonest mendicants.

IT seems that the autonomy which the Spanish government has prepared for Cuba is nothing like as full as that which appeared to be promised. We say appeared to be promised, because a Spanish statesman's idea of autonomy differs from our notion of self-government, so that a Spaniard may believe a constitutional system free and autonomous when Americans and Englishmen would regard it as almost mediæval. If Spain had granted to Cuba such a government as Great Britain has granted to Canada, the Cubans would be much better off than are the Spaniards at home; for, while the Spaniards have the semblance of parliamentary rule, it is only a semblance, and by law the Queen Regent is much more absolute than the German Emperor. It appears that the Captain-General is to have such a control over the legislative body proposed for Cuba, over the courts of justice, and over all regulations affecting the financial relations between the island and the mother-country, that the so-called autonomous Cuban government can do nothing contrary to what may be the Spanish policy of the moment. While this is not autonomy in our sense, it is a great concession for the Spaniards to make, and it is greatly to be hoped that the Cortes will ratify the action of the government, and that the insurgents will accept the offer, although General GOMEZ declares and General PANDO reports that they will not. In getting so much they will have gained a great victory, the principal element in which will be Spanish surrender of the right to oppress the island by taxation which amounts to plunder. So far as we are concerned, we are most deeply interested in the establishment of peace. So long as the insurrection continues there is ever present the danger of war between the United States and Spain. All Spaniards are angry with us, and even CASTELAR has broken out in wrathful writing against our threat of ultimate interference. While we will not shirk our plain duty to interfere when the time comes, we do not want the time to come. A war between this country and Spain would be so deplorable that it would be better for all concerned—much better for the world at large—if the Cubans would accept what has been promised them, and bring the insurrection to a close. If, however, General PANDO is right, and they will not accept, the Spaniards must bring the war to an end if they wish to avoid the interference of this country in behalf of American trade and American citizens. Spain, through General BLANCO, has accepted this government's offer to distribute food and clothes among the starving people of Cuba, and it is altogether too late for her to complain, after this, if we insist that the war shall close.

OUR INTERESTS IN CHINA.

THE Chinese Empire is apparently on the point of ceasing to be a formidable possibility. While the war between the Chinese and the Japanese was in progress it was the interesting custom of European writers on international relations to speculate as to the possible effect on Europe of the conflict's enlightenment of the "yellow race." Japan was to demonstrate the military genius of the race, and China was to learn the supreme value of discipline and of modern methods and armaments. Then the writers were wont to guess as to the future when the two peoples should be united, and they reached the conclusion that British, Russian, and French possessions in India, in Siberia, and in Siam would be precarious. Evidently they did not give sufficient value to the supineness of the Chinese, for China learned nothing by the war, and her masses hardly know, indeed, that there was a war. Since the conclusion of peace she has been a big inert mass yielding to every demand that has been made upon her. Russia has had her will with her because of a helpless feeling that perhaps here might be a friend in need, and Germany has forced her to her knees, and has thus brought about the present situation, in which Europe is apparently about to carve up the great lumbering empire, and to divide it among the four powers now especially interested in the East. The "yellow peril" is over. It has had its day as an ogre, and the German Emperor, who not long ago appeared to fear it, and who, it will be recalled, made it the subject of his symbolic painting, is the first to realize how shadowy after all was the threatening object of his imagination.

Russia is strengthening her fleet at Port Arthur. Great Britain's score of battle-ships of the Asiatic squadron are cruising dangerously near the entrance of Wei Hai-wei Bay, where she can at any moment join forces with Japan. Germany is definitely settled at Kiao-chou, and France, of course, will be ready to take her part when the proper time arrives. During all this preparation, when the future of China seems to depend entirely on the arrangement which the powers will make for the division of her territory, the only word that has come from any of her statesmen is a plaintive wail from her minister at Washington, who wonders why the powers of Europe and civilization are setting upon his poor country, and why, if they want barbarian territory, they do not divide up Turkey, which, unlike China, not only offends the professed Christianity of Europe, but actively persecutes and actually murders unfortunate beings within her power because they are Christians. This is an astute question of a cunning Oriental mind, to which the only reply of the powers will probably be the continued guarantee of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire and the dismemberment of China. The truth is that Christianity and civilization have nothing to do with the questions that are agitating the minds of European statesmen. If the politics of Europe were really Christian, the Turk would long ago have been driven from the Bosporus, and the countrymen of the Armenian martyrs would long ago have been relieved from constant danger of assassination. Europe does not divide Turkey because the powers cannot agree, and do not wish to fight over a question that must ultimately be solved in favor of Russia. In China it is different. They are quite likely to be able to divide China peaceably; and besides, the plunder that is to be acquired is worth the chances of war. Europe is commercial. All the nations that are figuring in the East are bent on extending commerce. It is true that civilization is promoted by commercial rivalries, just as learning was formerly promoted

by the rival missionary efforts of warring and angry creeds, but the motive guiding and governing the powers is wholly commercial. The territory of China is wanted for the extension of European trade, and to secure the large market and the millions of customers that China offers, the Christian and civilized powers of Europe are getting ready to steal the empire, for, at the bottom, the powers whose fleets are settling down in the bays of the Chinese coast are engaged in a freebooting expedition.

And yet, as we have already said, the interests of civilization will be advanced through the success of the freebooters; and this brings us to a consideration of the interests of the United States in the movement. Naturally our Jingoes have been heard from. The aged mind of Senator MORGAN, which is as oblivious to logic as it is to material facts, is insisting that the trade interests of the United States in China will be endangered by the consummation of the evident designs of the European powers. He is followed by a noisy chorus of young men whose warlike exclamations are not at all the result of mental processes, but are the mere expressions of undue excitation. If we were to heed this gallant company which considers it disgraceful to avoid any proffered opportunity to fight, we should be sending ships to China for the purpose of taking part in the plunder of a people, and all on the theory that we have trade relations with this barbarous and exclusive power which will be injured if the country comes under the jurisdiction of civilized Europe.

We shall of course take no part in the dismemberment of the empire of China. The cries of the Jingoes represent nothing but their own inanity. The people of this country are not in favor of plundering other people, or of extending their empire. What trade rights we possess in China will be protected. These rights are the results of long and difficult negotiations, and are embraced in treaties made and modified chiefly by CALEB CUSHING, WILLIAM B. REED, and ANSON BURLINGAME. By those treaties certain ports were opened to our trade, and the right to have their causes tried before American consular officers was granted to our citizens residing in China, when they are defendants. As Secretary FISH said in a comprehensive note to Mr. BANCROFT, then minister to Germany, speaking of the BURLINGAME treaty: "The commercial foothold along the coast had been gained by conflict or by demonstration of force, and was held in the same way. The occupation, which, originally hostile, had become commercial, ... aimed, in the commencement, with some European settlers, at territorial acquisition." Whatever commercial rights have been gained from China are those which were once forced from her. China has been the unwilling victim of trade movements from the first. What she has yielded she has yielded grudgingly. And whatever rights have been granted to European powers have whetted the European appetite for territorial aggrandizement. In the effort to obtain trade rights the government of the United States has been as successful as any other power, and we have not joined in the demand for territory. The rights which we enjoy, however, are limited. They are not those which we expect in a civilized country, and which are there accorded us because there is no civilized country in the world that is not anxious for mutual trade relations with the United States. The result of the movement of the powers now intent upon the spoliation of China will be either a large concession of rights of trading, or the actual passing of China from barbarous to civilized rule. Whatever increase of commercial privileges may be granted to Great Britain or Germany or France or Russia will be necessarily granted to the United States by force of existing treaties. Not a power engaged in the enterprise of opening China to further trade would object to this. On our part we ought to have in China a minister competent to see that our treaty relations are not changed, or, if they are, that our position shall be improved. If an actual division of Chinese territory take place, our position will naturally be bettered, simply because China will be thrown open to the trade of the world. There will be tariff policies, of course, but to that our Jingoes have no right to object. Like most of the powers now engaged in a predatory excursion on behalf of free commerce, they are the supporters of a domestic tariff policy that is essentially hostile to any commerce whatever. But tariff policies do not prevent commerce, and notwithstanding them it will be clear to all who think, that so far as our trade relations are concerned they must be better in a China ruled by civilized and trading Europe than they can be in a China ruled by jealous, exclusive, timid, and self-sufficient non-trading Chinamen. If we have any special interest in the proposed division of the empire, it is in the success of Great Britain, for wherever Great Britain rules, commerce is most free. However, we have no interest that can lead to the burning of a ton of coal with hostile intent.

RESTRICTING IMMIGRATION.

THE demand for the restriction of immigration is of comparatively recent date. There have been at various periods occasional outbreaks of religious or political hostility to the "foreign element," but until about twenty-five years ago the incalculable services which immigration had rendered in the development of the country were universally recognized, and it was thought that in the same way it might render further and equally important services in the future. As late as 1864 Congress passed a law for the encouragement of immigration, and in 1872 legislation of a like character was at least attempted. In many States agencies were maintained for attracting immigrants from abroad. Since then a sentiment hostile to immigration has been gradually growing up. That sentiment was stimulated by the organized efforts partly of an anti-immigration league drawing its membership from various classes of society, partly of the labor organizations. Attention was called to the fact that the character of the immigration was changing for the worse. While formerly the overwhelming majority of the immigrants had come from Germany, Ireland, and the Scandinavian countries, the tide was now running most strongly from Hungary, Russia, Poland, and Italy. An apprehension was excited that large numbers of European anarchists and other dangerous characters would descend upon our shores, spread their subversive doctrines among our people, and disturb the peace of society with lawless and bloody commotions. It was also pointed out that as our public lands were rapidly passing into private ownership, there was comparatively little room left for new-comers. From all this it was concluded that, if not the total discontinuance, at least a severe restriction of immigration had become imperatively necessary.

That restriction has been attempted and partially effected by various legislative provisions excluding contract laborers, and subjecting all other immigrants to a careful scrutiny as to their character, their physical condition, their means of support, and so on. Immigration has very much decreased, owing in part to the economic depression which has prevailed in this country for several years, and in part to our immigration laws, which make the transportation companies responsible for the return of objectionable immigrants, thus imposing considerable financial risks upon them; and the talk about the difficulties meeting the immigrant on his arrival here deters many persons from coming to this country who otherwise would have come. In fact, many of these have gone, or are going, to Brazil or to Argentina, where, in considerable numbers, they devote themselves to agriculture and cattle-raising, in competition with the farmers and ranchmen of the United States. Now a further restriction of immigration into this country is contemplated by the LODGE bill, which subjects the immigrant to an educational test, obliging him to prove his ability to read and write in the English or any other language a quotation from the Constitution of the United States of not less than twenty words. From this test only the parents or grandparents of an adult "qualified immigrant" accompanying him, or sent for by him, are to be excepted. It is substantially the same bill which passed the last Congress and was vetoed by President CLEVELAND.

The principal arguments urged in support of such restrictions are the following: That immigration throws upon our shores hordes of undesirable foreigners, whose infusion into our social body, and whose eventual admission to political rights and privileges, will in a dangerous degree lower the standard of American citizenship; secondly, that it brings great masses of the pauper laborers of the Old World into direct competition with our laboring force, and thereby will lower the wages and the standard of living of American working-men; thirdly, that persons of bad character are coming, as well as paupers, who will fall to the public charge in our hospitals and almshouses; and finally, that we no longer have much elbow-room in this country anyway, and should guard against overcrowding. Even the most zealous advocate of restriction will admit this to be a fair statement of the complaint.

Now we are all agreed that this republic should not be a dumping-ground for the criminals and the cripples of the Old World. But, if it ever has been such a dumping-ground, it is so no longer. The law as it stands is amply sufficient to protect it. Persons who within one year become a public charge are returned at the expense of the transportation companies, and their number has decreased from 637 in 1892 to 238 in 1896. They will soon disappear altogether. No educational test is needed to that end. Nor will any educational test keep out unknown anarchists or other dangerous characters, for such persons are sure to be able to read and write twenty words of our Constitution in one language or more. The police and the courts are always capable of dealing with them if they do not conduct themselves properly.

We are likewise all agreed that, on the whole, the immigration from Italy, Hungary, Russia, Poland, and so on, may not be as desirable as that from Germany, Ireland, and the Scandinavian countries. It is also true that now and then complaint is heard from places in which such immigrants congregate in large numbers. But does any broad-minded American really think that two or three hundred thousand immigrants a year, most of whom are scattered over a vast extent of country, can permanently lower the standard of citizenship among a people of seventy-three millions? Does not every man of experience who has seen much of this country know that some of the States in which the foreign-born population is proportionately strongest are among the most orderly, best-governed, and most prosperous in the land; and that the descendants of the immigrants, though they be even Italians or Russians, are in the second generation well Americanized, and in the third hardly distinguishable in looks as well as habits and ways of thinking from the natives surrounding them? Has the assimilating force of American life and of our free institutions so completely run out that, in our congenial climatic conditions, we should despair of absorbing into our social body without serious danger a comparatively small number of people belonging to races which have shown themselves elsewhere capable of a high order of civilization? And as to the labor argument, is not there something supremely absurd in the idea that in this country, with its immense undeveloped resources, the interests of labor would be best promoted by keeping the producing force at the lowest possible ebb, for fear of an increased competition of labor? Do not the labor philosophers who entertain that idea see that the more producers there are in such a country the more consumers there will be, and the better the market for the products of labor? And do they not see also that the new-comers very quickly demand the American standard of wages, and will soon rise to the American standard of living?

In such a country, which is capable of nourishing five times its present population, it is simply ridiculous to speak of overcrowding. From such a country, with resources promising an increase of its wealth beyond calculation, it is more than grotesque to exclude by law persons with two strong arms and an honest willingness to work because they are unable to read and write twenty words of the Federal Constitution, or, if male immigrants happen to have wives who cannot read or write those twenty words, to oblige them to separate themselves from their wives—for this the LODGE bill substantially does. About this feature of the bill much more might be said for which there is not room here.

The truth is that this movement for the restriction of immigration, so far as it is honest, springs from a sorry misconception of certain troublesome problems before us, or from a sorrier lack of courage to face them. Symptoms of deterioration in our political life, or in the character of our citizenship, are observed, and some volatile intellects find it most convenient to dispose of the whole matter by simply saying that the "foreign element" is alone chargeable with it, and that the trouble can easily be cured by stopping immigration. Laboring-men are worried by a lack of employment in bad times, and their leaders with equal facility or unscrupulousness assign the competition of new-comers as the cause of it all, and shout for the stoppage of immigration as a sure remedy. If immigration were really stopped there would be a grievous disappointment among the believers. It would soon turn out that the immigrant was not the cause of the deterioration of our political life, nor of the lack of employment; that the causes of those evils must be found, in the one case in the increasing intrusion of the mercenary spirit into our politics, and in the other in our economic conditions, which are in some respects aggravated by our laws; and that the pretended cure was mere quackery, which solved no problem and benefited nobody, but entailed upon us very serious inconveniences and losses by curtailing the laboring force required for various necessary uses, and by thus impeding our development.

CARL SCHURZ.

GENERAL VIEW OF PORT ARTHUR.

THE DISPUTE OVER CHINA.

ALTHOUGH not at present as sensational as they have been represented in cablegrams from correspondents who have lost connection between the separate events of recent history, the developments of the last four or five weeks in China promise to give direction to European international politics during the coming year.

PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

It now seems probable that Germany's indignation over the murder of the German missionaries Nies and Hennie, though genuine enough, was carefully exaggerated in order to cover plans of much larger importance than the mere forcing of an indemnity. However this may be, it is evident that what seemed at the time the rash and headstrong outbreak of the German Emperor at Kiel, on December 15, was the result of premeditation as careful as he is capable of giving any subject. It was his own peculiar way of notifying Russia and England that Germany must be accounted with in carrying out the secret treaty which, it now appears, was really negotiated between Russia and China just after the close of the Chinese war with Japan.

The situation out of which it grew was created, first, by the weakness of China as demonstrated in the war with Japan; second, by the immense undertaking of Russia in building its trans-Siberian railroad to open up its Asiatic wheat and mining lands, and to give it control of the northern Pacific; and third, by England's complications with Germany in Africa, brought about by the English attempt to take possession of the entire interior of the continent, regardless of Germany's determination to become a great colonial power.

The first news of this treaty, giving seemingly authentic details, came in a cablegram from St. Petersburg on January 21, 1897. It was then represented that Chinese concessions to Russia practically gave the Czar control of the whole of that part of China which was the seat of the war with Japan. The convention, it was said, "gives Russia the right to carry the new trans-Siberian railroad to Kirin, a Chinese town of central Manchuria, from two directions—first, from some point in Siberia; and second, from Vladivostok. Next Russia obtains the right to build a railroad from Kirin to Port Arthur, should China fail to do so."

These three lines, it is said, are to be built with Russian money, and made the Russian standard gauge, with stations defended by garrisons of Russian and Cossack troops, re-enforced by Chinese troops, whom Russia is authorized to drill for that purpose. In return for these far-reaching privileges, it was said, that Russia, under articles nine and ten of the treaty, agreed to assume what would be practically a military protectorate over China in the event of outside aggression from any power, European or Asiatic.

Although it was denied, reaffirmed, and redenied that any such treaty was made, Russia has since occupied Port Arthur, under what was said twelve months ago to be the terms of the treaty. The Chinese minister in this country has also spoken of Russia in a way which leaves no doubt that, in his view, this action was taken with the full consent of both China and Korea.

The news of the occupation of Port Arthur did not become public property for several days after the German Emperor's speech at Kiel, but it had been known in England for nearly a week before that event, if it is true, as it probably is, that the secret cabinet meeting announced by cable as having been hurriedly called in London was forced by it.

The news probably reached Berlin about the same time it did England. It explains the subsequent excitement, and the explanation is sufficient of its kind, whether it may appear hereafter that Russia forced Germany to act, or whether Germany's reported determination to control the railroad privileges of Shan-tung province influenced China to call on Russia for immediate action under the terms of the secret treaty of 1896.

The German demand for indemnity for the murder of its missionaries was followed by the occupation of the bay and port of Kiao-chou. This of itself would not have caused excitement; but it was announced that in addition to apologies and indemnities of 600,000 taels to the relatives of the murdered men, with corresponding indemnities to Germany, the Kaiser had demanded control of a Chinese port as a coaling-station, with virtually such control of Shan-tung province as, it is said, China has conceded Russia in the north. It was also announced from Berlin that these demands were to be backed by eight German cruisers and 3500 men under Prince Henry, and when these reports were followed by the Emperor's speech at Kiel, other European governments began to act vigorously. France ordered reenforcements to Chinese waters, the English fleet at the Pacific station, Admiral Seymour commanding, was ordered to Port Hamilton, and Japan began sending troops to Formosa—where it now has an army said to number 50,000 men.

Nothing official has come from China, but it is said that the Chinese government has determined to resist Germany's demands for anything beyond a reasonable indemnity, and has asked for the appointment of arbitrators by Belgium and Holland.

IN THE GARDEN OF THE VICEROY'S LITERARY CLUB.

Denial has been made from Berlin that Germany intends to make its occupation of Chinese territory permanent; and it is probable that France—if its reported operations on the island of Hainan, which separates the Gulf of Tonkin on the west from the China Sea on the east, are to be regarded as a formal occupation—intends to put itself in a position to deal more effectively with the other powers rather than to offer China a cause of war.

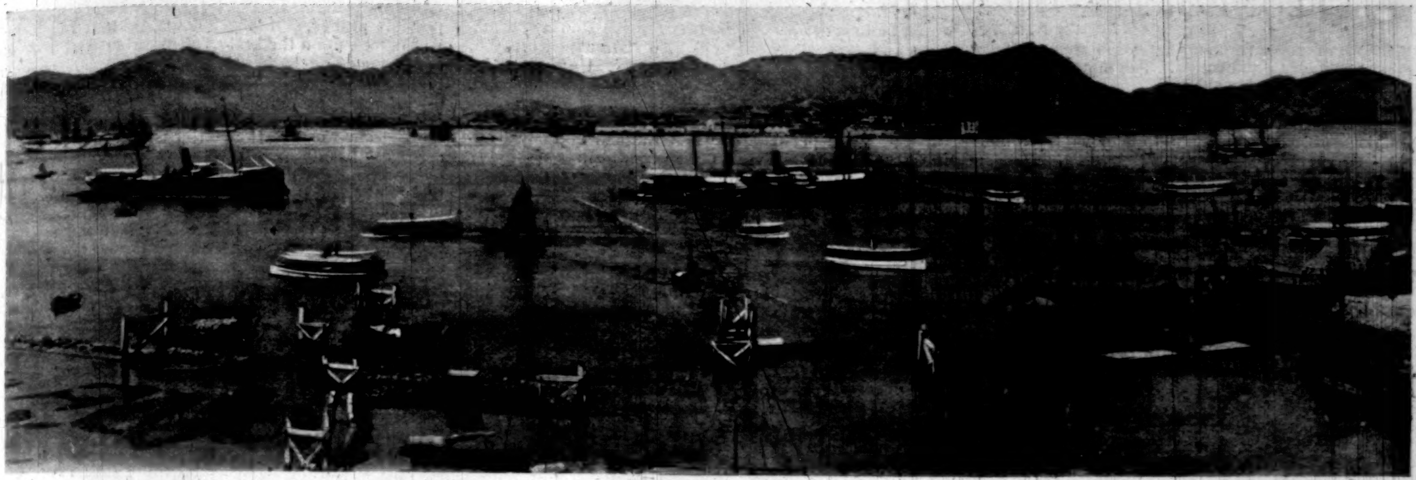
Statements of the secret relations of the powers are conflicting, but nothing has occurred to discredit the statement that England was informed of the agreement between China and Russia when it was made, and was not actively hostile to it. The only statement of recent date which can be considered as officially inspired is that of a St. Petersburg court organ, warning England that "the occupation of Port Hamilton to offset Russian occupation of Port Arthur may force Europe to the verge of grave diplomatic complications." While it may be important for England to consider this warning, the language can hardly be interpreted as a serious menace. So far as it can be understood at present by those who are not in the official confidence of European cabinets, the situation as between England and Russia may be described most accurately as governed by "acute alertness" on both sides, influenced by the fear that one may get something without making the expected concessions to the other; while Germany, which does not seem to have been consulted at all in the premises, is determined to be reckoned with to the full extent of its Krupp guns and its Emperor's desire for military glory.

NATIVE CRAFT IN FRONT OF HONG-KONG.

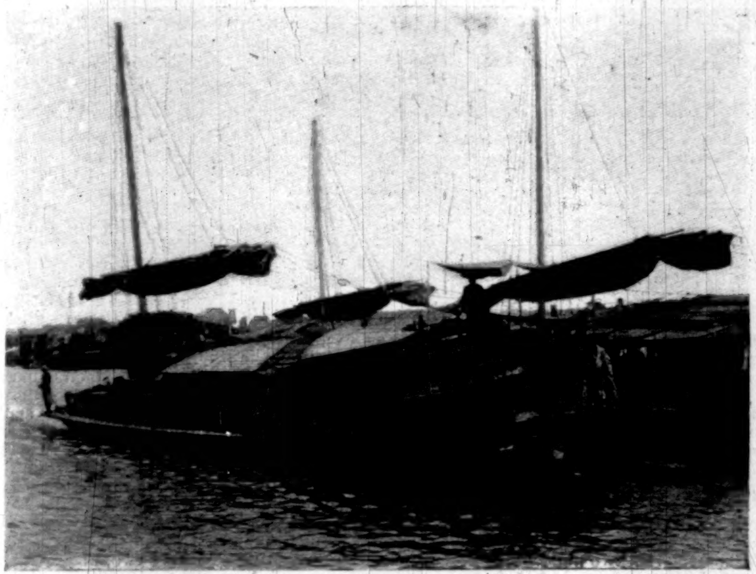
ADMIRAL SIR E. H. SEYMOUR, K.C.B.,
British Commander-in-Chief on the China Station.

It has been assumed by some who have watched international events during the last three or four years that England is willing for Russia to carry out its plans in the northern Pacific and in China, provided the Czar will not favor Germany in Africa, and will give England what English statesmen consider "reasonable concessions" in northern Asia for everything Russia is allowed to take without aggressive English opposition. Recent events have not discredited that theory.

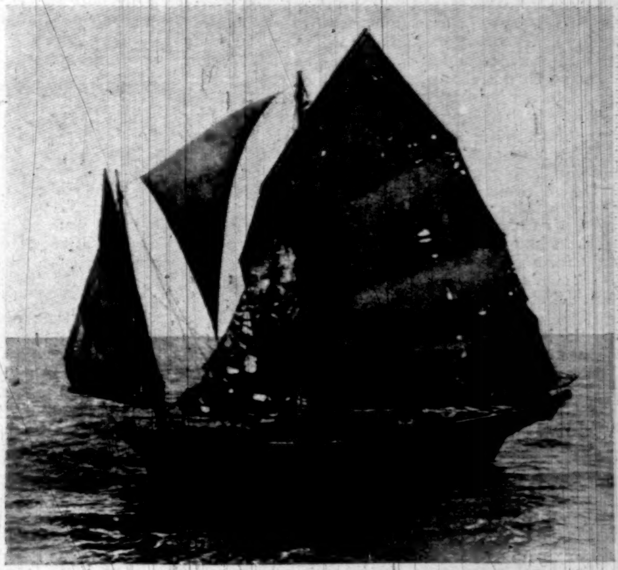
It is undoubtedly a most interesting situation, but not necessarily as critical as it has been made to appear. The German Emperor, who is the disturbing factor of what might otherwise have been such a chaffer between England and Russia as England and Germany once made for unclaimed territory in the South Pacific, is saner than he seems to be. And while this may not be a high compliment, it is true, and much more important, that the German people have none of his emotionalism, and are, on the whole, one of the sanest nations on earth.



HONG-KONG—THE HARBOR, FROM THE HONG-KONG HOTEL.



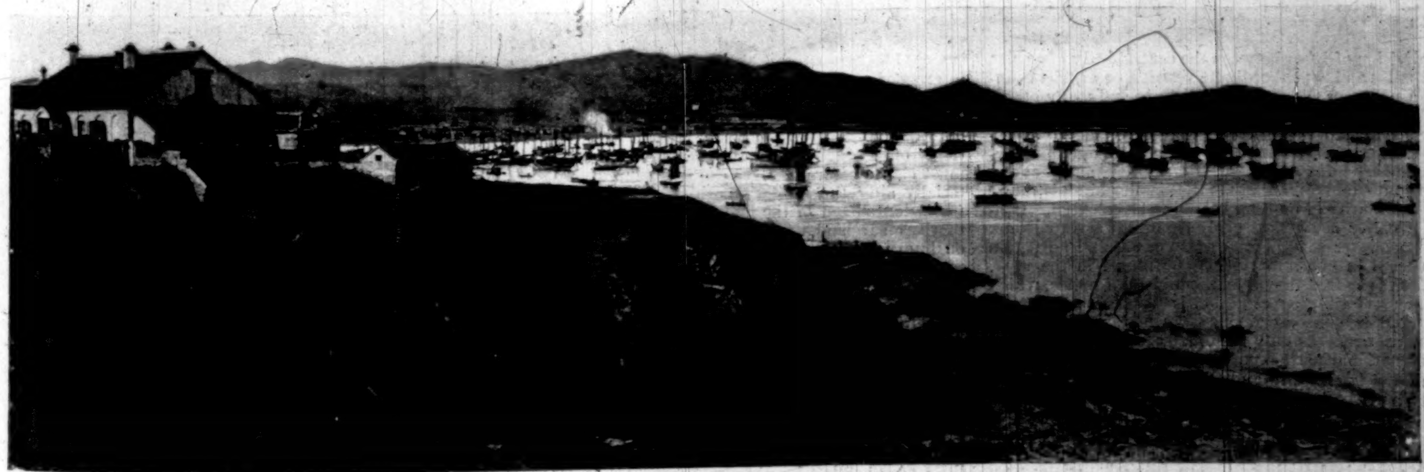
STERN PADDLE-WHEEL BOAT PLYING ON PEARL RIVER IN FRONT OF CANTON, PROPELLED BY CHINESE COOLIES IN TREAD-MILL.



CHINESE FISHING-JUNK, OUTSIDE HONG-KONG HARBOR.

COURT IN FRONT OF THE YAMEN OF THE TARTAR GENERAL, CANTON.

ELLINGTON STREET, HONG-KONG, CHINESE QUARTER.



CHEE-FOO—THE INSIDE HARBOR, WITH NATIVE SHIPPING, FROM THE JAPANESE LEGATION.

THE DISPUTE OVER CHINA.—From Photographs by W. H. Jackson.

LONDON.

December 18, 1897.

Nothing was further from my intention than writing more about the Queen's abdication. The matter is looked on as finally settled on this side. I have received, however, from America information from a prominent public man to the effect that not only was the accession of the Prince of Wales to the throne about to take place, but that the coronation robes were actually being made, partly in Paris and partly in London. This report would scarcely have deserved notice but for the authority of its source. So well informed and weighty a man was my correspondent that I have taken fresh steps to ascertain whether there is any shred of truth in the rumor. I am able to say once more—and this time on the best authority short of the Queen herself—that there is no ground for the statement. It is a mere piece of gossip, the repeated publication of which as a matter of fact is painful to those chiefly concerned. Queen Victoria is a sovereign as well as a woman and a mother. Probably no subject of the Queen is more alive to the insuperable objections to her Majesty's abdication than the Prince of Wales himself. Monarchs have never been eager to part with power, even to their beloved sons. The Queen is in better general health than for some time past. Jubilee festivities seem to have revitalized her. Those who have dined at Windsor recently declare that the Queen was never more vigorous or better able to discharge her multifarious duties. One of those duties is to deal with a never-ceasing flow of red despatch-boxes filled with important state papers. Not long ago an amusing episode occurred in connection with one of those red cabinet boxes. Her Majesty's dislike to tobacco in every form is well known, although her sons, and at least one of her daughters, do not share her opinions on the subject. Judge, then, of her surprise on opening a box, which was supposed to contain important despatches sent to her by one of her most eminent and trusted cabinet ministers, only to find a half-smoked cigar of fine quality, together with some loose tobacco ash. Lord Salisbury detests tobacco. He could not be the culprit. On the other hand, one of the greatest smokers in the cabinet, and the delinquent in this case, is so great a favorite with the Queen that the right honorable gentleman not only escaped impeachment for high treason, but learned for the first time from the Queen's own laughing lips of the destination of his unfinished cigar.

During the last month the attention of London has been largely given to matters of local government. It is a sign of the times that Mr. Stead, who rarely fails to hit on the topic that for the moment interests the public, chooses the recent New York election and the manners and customs of Tammany as the text for his Christmas Annual. Lord Salisbury, whose amiable and childlike fondness for indiscreet utterances grows with age, has announced at a great public meeting at the Albert Hall that the London County Council is to be destroyed—in fact, clubbed like one of the superfluous male seals on the Pribyloff Islands. For some days afterwards minor ministers were busily engaged in explaining that the Prime Minister meant exactly the opposite of what he seemed to imply, and that the County Council, so far from extermination, was to be strengthened. Lord Salisbury further improved the occasion by holding up Greater New York as the horrid example that should deter sensible Londoners from indulgence in municipal megalomania. It seems almost incredible, but the simple fact is that Lord Salisbury, who, although Premier, has been a railway chairman, does not understand municipal questions on either side of the Atlantic. He has not studied them, and even the head of the Cecils is not exempt from the inflexible conditions that separate ignorance from knowledge. A greater authority than the Foreign Minister, both as to New York and London government, is the Town Clerk of Birmingham, which is probably the show city of the British Empire, as regards its municipal achievements. Mr. Orford Smith, if not the boss of Birmingham, is credited with being the best Town Clerk in England. He has acquired influence by sterling integrity and sheer hard work. The views of such a man on the Tammany victory are worth more consideration than the opinion of any amateur. The first thing that strikes him and other municipal authorities whom I have consulted is the sharp contrast between the electoral methods in democratic America and those followed in conservative England. Here the electors choose a City Council, and the council chooses the Mayor for twelve months, whose power to nominate is restricted to the appointment of his private secretary. All other appointments are made by the council. In Greater New York the electors choose not a mayor, but a governor-general with despotic powers, irremovable for a term of years. To English eyes the American method virtually extinguishes freedom of private initiative, destroys the democratic principle, and, whether the officials be good or bad, is indistinguishable from a form of tyranny that even modern Englishmen would not suffer for a month.

The division of labor between the central body of a great municipality and the subordinate vestries, or district councils, is a point on which Lord Salisbury and many others have shown hopeless confusion. Experts on this side are practically agreed that six departments of local government—*i. e.*, gas, electricity, water, fire, drainage, and by-laws—are best left to the central authority, and that everything outside should be left to the smaller administrative areas. Similarity of by-laws is held to be essential. Otherwise a carter conveying coals from Bowery to Bronx might encounter several sets of by-laws, and an action that is legal in one street might be illegal in the next. New York is spared the difficult problem of police, which in London and all other capital cities is necessarily a state or imperial responsibility, since the action of the New York police concerns only the citizens of New York. In times of national peril or of popular excitement the defence of the Legislature and the security of foreign embassies cannot be left to a municipal body, which may be antagonistic to the government of the day. Control of the police by the London County Council is a plank in the Radical and Socialist programme. Until a few years back, London municipal traditions were Liberal. History records many instances when the corporation was in violent opposition to the crown and the administration, as in the time of Henry III. and George III. To place 17,000 drilled men at the disposal of a body that already mimics the imperial Parliament, and, although pure, is not always wise, would be to court a struggle between the House of Commons and the County Council. No statesman worthy of the name would consent to such a course. Unfortunately, political power in England, as elsewhere, often falls into the hands of men who are not statesmen.

Nothing will persuade the best English municipal authorities that the principle of Betterment can be equitably administered without admitting the corresponding principle of compensation for Worsement. To expropriate a man who has invested his savings in land is confiscation; resort to confiscation is fatal to credit; and with the departure of confidence employment vanishes, and workmen and wage-earners automatically join the ranks of the unemployed. If Betterment involves Worsement in principle, the principle is unprofitable to the municipality, since the application of both neutralizes both. The Birmingham method of securing for the rate-payers all the advantages of Betterment without sanctioning the dangerous principle of a one-sided taxation of unearned increment is to purchase more land than is actually wanted for contemplated improvements, and then to resell or let the surplus on lease at the enhanced price. Honest administration and sound judgment in the choice of the improvement are essential conditions of success. All these matters are about to be fought out at the impending election of the London County Council, at which Tammany, and Mr. Seth Low's gallant campaign on behalf of good government, are destined to play a conspicuous part. Londoners think more of New York to-day than they ever thought before, and you may expect to hear the echo of your recent struggle reverberate from this side of the Atlantic.

The Progressive majority on the new School Board for London was obtained owing to the theological squabbles with which the late board wasted its time. In 1870, when universal compulsory education was first established, the religious difficulty among Churchmen, non-conformists, and secularists was arranged by a compromise, which worked well for a quarter of a century. Unionist and Conservative victories in 1895 emboldened the Church party to advance claims which previously had been allowed to lie dormant. These claims were regarded by a powerful section of public opinion as the sacerdotal ambitions of the Anglican party. Racially, the English are inordinately jealous of the priestcraft in secular politics, and the misgivings and suspicions aroused were confirmed by the late School Board indulgence in constant debates on doctrinal points. The man in the street, who cares nothing for dogma, was alarmed, being already conscious that Germany and America are succeeding where England fails, mainly because the education of the British masses is inferior to that given to the young folk of the States and Germany. Common-sense accordingly carried the day. The new London School Board is elected with a mandate to attend to its business of education, to maintain the Conscience Clause Compromise of 1870, and to leave dogma to the Bench of Bishops, and the two hundred sects and churches into which British religious opinion contrives to fissiparate.

An undercurrent of apprehension as to the readiness of Great Britain for a great war is apparent whenever the subject is discussed by naval and military experts, who are generally pessimists. Great events are expected in China, on which I may say something next month. All the conditions of a coalition against England exist, and the situation finds an almost exact parallel in 1777, when France and Spain were preparing to attack Britain, with the tacit countenance of Russia and Prussia. At that date the optimist illusions of our rulers refused to believe that Spain would be our enemy. Jealousy of England's trade and colonial empire led to the war of 1778–83. Another parallel is to be found in the events of 1810. Napoleon then had Europe against him. He refused to make concessions to England, Russia, or Austria, and after vacillating for a time, ended by having to fight all three. German naval policy is avowedly based on a craving for terrestrial expansion and the satisfaction of colonial ambitions. The Kaiser's "send-off" to Prince Henry clearly shows that he believes in the discovery of new heavens and a new earth. France and Russia are sullenly unfriendly in Europe and the far East, and all but actively hostile in Abyssinia and the Nile Valley. Europe seems to have found a point of agreement in the evolution of a common hatred to this country. No profitable alliances are in sight. Austria-Hungary is embittered by English wavering on the Bosporus, is torn with intestine strife, and seems on the eve of disintegration. Italy is barely solvent, is weakened by a redundant bureaucracy, the poverty of her people, and a net-work of secret societies. Responsibility for Italian coast defence would be too great a price for England to pay for the support of the Italian fleet. Japan is a power whose civilization is enamel of a recent date. The massacres of Formosa and Port Arthur are not forgotten by the religious public, and many maintain that it would be better for Britain once more to face the world in arms, if necessary, than to rely for safety on an Asiatic ally.

While the British army is likely to receive much attention from Parliament during the next session, some time must elapse before changes can be matured that will materially alter the military position. Mr. Arnold-Forster (the adopted son of the late Mr. W. E. Forster) is an authority on Ireland, on the navy, and, in fact, is a specialist on human knowledge. He has but one foible—omniscience. He has led an attack in the columns of the *Times* on the administration of the army. There is no doubt that Mr. Arnold-Forster has made out a good case for reform, but I do not think that he will succeed, even with the *Times* at his back, because nothing less than defeat or catastrophe ever brings about intelligent and drastic reform in the British army. The murderous sacrifice of life during the first year of the Crimean war was necessary to procure a reform of the commissariat, supply, and transport departments of the army. Nearly half a century of peace with the great powers and war with little ones has left its mark on the administration of the British army. Recruits are necessarily obtained from a class rejected by private employers, as our rulers have hitherto steadily refused to compete with them in the labor market for cannon fodder. Nevertheless the War Office bureaucrats contend that all is well in the best of all possible armies, administered by the best of all possible war offices, upon the best of all possible systems. Speaking to one of the highest War Office people, he assured me that there was really nothing whatever in the indictment drawn up by the *Times* and its correspondents, and that Lord Lansdowne, the war minister, would put all things right. The worst of the matter is that my informant was sincere in his statement. Society, the court, and bureaucracy have their grip on the army, and are too strongly represented in the cabinet and House of Commons to bring drastic economics and searching reforms within the arena of practical politics. When the army is enlarged, heavier taxation, not greater economy or better administration, will be the means by which the funds will be provided for the purpose. Lord Lansdowne made an able speech the other day, in which he demonstrated the impossibility of saving a shilling on the army estimates.

If the army administration be defective, badly organized, and overmanned, naval experts are by no means elated about the state of the navy. Possible complications in China have alarmed those who keep an eye on the fleet. A secret memorandum has been prepared by some of the naval experts for confidential use by the editors of the principal newspapers, with the view of again stirring up public opinion on the state of the navy. I have seen this document, and much of it cannot be published. Two points, however, are matters of public knowledge, or, at all events, are accessible to all the world. The first relates to the advanced age of the thirteen men to-day responsible for the control, mobilization, and command of the British fleets. Their average age is fifty-eight. Nelson died at forty-seven. Sustained physical energy after fifty years of age is denied to average man, but the cabinet seems to act on the theory that the rank of admiral confers immunity from the operation of natural laws. The dilatory and incapable management of the British fleet in the war of 1778–83 was in part due to the advanced age of the flag-officers. In 1793–1815 we had younger admirals, and the result—at all events, with the Continental powers—presented an extraordinary contrast with those of 1778–83, although the four victories of old admirals during the 1793–1815 period—*i. e.*, those of Howe, Hotham, Jervis, and Bridport—were indecisive and fruitless because they were not followed up with fire and energy. Nelson's three victories—the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar—were won in the prime of his manhood.

The other point in the confidential memorandum refers to the weakness in battle-ships in the fleet, which is partly the result of the naval activities of other powers and partly the consequence of the engineers' strike. Successive British governments have silently discarded the naval strategy which satisfied Nelson, and tacitly adopted one that dispenses with the system of blockading an enemy's fleets. The nation is too rich and too comfortable to think seriously about those things, and is in ignorance of the fact that to keep the French alone in port fifty-four battleships are required. We have fifty-two, of which ten are armed with muzzle-loading guns. In the relative diminution of her naval strength it seems as though England is following the course fate imposes on all wealthy and luxurious races who expect in their extremity to be able to buy safety for cash, as they have been wont to buy other luxuries in time of peace, and who regard their own prosperity as a fixed purpose of the divine will. The heart of the country is sound enough, and the cohesion of Britons will astonish themselves when the first shot is fired in the next big war. In the mean time the suspension of battle-ship construction added to the engineers' strike has filled France and Russia with new hope, and the headlong haste to begin the division of China seems to coincide with that new hope.

Lord Tennyson's Life has now been before the world for some weeks, and the opinions expressed by competent judges who were intimate friends of the poet strangely vary. On three or four occasions, both at Farringford and Aldworth, I had the honor of being Tennyson's guest, and the vivid impressions left on my mind by his personality and conversation made his biography intensely interesting. I shall never forget the incandescent honesty of Tennyson's mind. One night he was speaking of the future life, and on the unfairness of sentencing man to permanent pain for transitory errors. He seemed to have been thinking and feeling deeply on the subject, for he suddenly struck the table with his clinched hand, and cried, "God damn the God that created eternal punishment." A few years afterwards I attended his funeral in Westminster Abbey, and heard "Crossing the Bar" sung by the choir to a hushed and saddened congregation of England's best and brightest sons and daughters. The ring of the old man's voice came back to me in the midst of the scene, and I could not fail to recognize that the English-speaking people had indeed lost not only a poet and seer, but an honest and holy man.

We are about to witness the outbreak of a boom on Peter the Great similar to that which has raged for some years round the person of Napoleon. Sir Henry Irving, with all the world open to him, has chosen a play on Peter the Great, written by his son. With this drama the Lyceum season will open in January. Professor Oscar Browning is about to publish a life of the inevitable Peter; and Mr. J. M. Graham's historical novel *The Son of the Czar*, published by Harpers, has already attracted considerable attention, and will certainly be widely read, as it gives a powerful presentation of Russian life at the most critical epoch of Muscovite history. There is something significant in this *renaissance* of Peter the Great. The smaller states of Europe are vanishing, one by one, and everything points to eventual collision between the Teuton and the Slav. In the mean time everything that Holy Russia and the anointed person of the Kaiser can do to magnify their respective missions will certainly be accomplished.

Early winter is a dead time for the drama. "Dandy Dan," however, just produced at the Lyric, in which Mr. Arthur Roberts fills the title rôle, is certainly remarkable for bringing together on the stage thirty or forty of the most beautiful girls that ever assembled. Besides, the "play" is extremely funny.

Arnold White.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE officers of the State-House Preservation Committee of Boston, which was formed to save and reconstruct the renowned Bulfinch front of the Massachusetts State-House, have issued a report of the work that has been done to carry out the committee's purposes. It will be remembered that a big addition was built on behind the old State-House, and that the question arose whether the Bulfinch part should be left standing, or torn down and rebuilt. The committee agitated in favor of preserving and reconstructing the old front, and finally the Massachusetts Legislature was won over to their plan, and appropriated $375,000 to carry it out. The work was done under the supervision of three architects—Messrs. C. A. Cummings, R. D. Andrews, and A. G. Everett. It was asserted that the appropriation was not nearly large enough, and that the job would be unsatisfactory when completed. The gist of the report of the officers of the committee is that the building has been thoroughly restored and renewed, has been made stanch, safe, and fireproof, for about $250,000, and that as it stands it is a first-rate job, and satisfactory in all particulars. Finding that the appropriation exceeded what was necessary, the committee got permission to spend $100,000 of it for new furniture and fittings, but it is found that this expenditure need not exceed $75,000. So the old State-House has been made over and refurnished so that it is better and handsomer than ever before, and there is $50,000 of the appropriation unexpended. Sarah Lowell Blake, chairman, and. Lucy Lowell, secretary, are the officers who sign this report. Dear, dear! What a woman's way of doing things; and how shocking to any citizen of contemporaneous convictions as to the right way of transacting State business! Wouldn't Mrs. Blake and Miss Lowell and those three penurious Boston architects like the job of reconstructing the Erie Canal, on which the State of New York is now expending nine millions, with the prospect, as the papers assure us, that a further appropriation of six or seven millions will be required? If this Boston State-House achievement justifies Mrs. Blake's report, as politeness and the absence of conflicting testimony require us to believe, it is, in a small way, fit to be compared with that triumph of honesty and competence, the building of the new Congressional Library.

During all of December the newspapers printed daily reports of a great and curious transaction which was in progress between Messrs. Joseph Leiter and Philip Armour, of Chicago. The precise nature of the business in which these gentlemen were engaged is best understood in the Produce Exchange. It was a deal in wheat. It appears to be a time-honored custom in Chicago to deal in several varieties of wheat, as December wheat, May wheat, and other sorts. December wheat apparently is wheat deliverable in December. It appears that Mr. Armour sold to Mr. Leiter an enormous amount of this commodity, and was engaged for three or four weeks in December in seeing how much of it he could deliver. It was a sort of a game, according to the rules of which if Mr. Armour could deliver all the December wheat he had sold for less money than he paid for it, he won; but if not, he lost. If he had to buy wheat from Mr. Leiter at a high price in order to fulfil his contracts with that gentleman, then apparently Mr. Leiter won. It seems an odd game, but it has been popular in Chicago these many years. Mr. Armour did not buy grain of Mr. Leiter. He got it elsewhere, but he had to pay good prices for it, and he had to exert himself uncommonly to get his purchases to Chicago in time. Whether he won or not, he doubtless had fun, and probably enjoyed it. Anyhow he and Mr. Leiter are still on pleasant terms, and are still both in the game. At last accounts Mr. Leiter had over eight million bushels of wheat in his granary. That is a good deal of wheat—as much, perhaps, as the earlier Joseph collected in all the seven years of plenty. It is more than Mr. Leiter can readily use, for he is a young man, with no dependent family, so a good deal of interest is felt in the ultimate disposition of it. Mr. Leiter's father is so much interested as to have come home from Europe and opened his house in Chicago. December wheat, it seems, by some hocus-pocus which the initiated think they understand, can be changed into May wheat, and there is an impression that now that Mr. Leiter has had all the fun he can with his December wheat he will name it May wheat, or some other variety, and begin again. It is understood that money can be made to change hands very expeditiously in these games, and some persons supposed that Mr. Leiter desired to share the abundant means which enterprise and vigilance have placed at Mr. Armour's command. That, however, scarcely seems reasonable, because Mr. Leiter's father is very well-to-do, and has doubtless always made ample provision for his son's necessities. Sport, pure sport, and only that, must be what Mr. Joseph Leiter is after.

Mr. Leiter is a young man of liberal education, and a somewhat recent graduate of Harvard. His taste in occupation is a useful example of the fatuity of the impression which some people have that an experience of the humanities disqualifies young men from taking an active and vigorous interest in every-day concerns.

A fortnight ago the Henry George Memorial Fund had reached $13,000, nearly all in large subscriptions. The list of subscribers as published at that time is interesting. Andrew Carnegie, Seth Low, Joseph Pulitzer, Tom L. Johnson, and T. F. Walker, of Birmingham, England, had given $1000 each. A list of thirty-seven other subscribers of sums ranging from $100 to $500 includes the names of August Lewis, T. G. Shearman, Isidor Straus, Charles Stewart Smith, Anson Phelps Stokes, J. S. Kennedy, J. Kennedy Tod, E. M. Shepherd, James C. Carter, James A. Hearne, Charles S. Fairchild, Elihu Root, Joseph Laroque, James Speyer, Horace White, Ernest R. Crosby, Francis L. Stetson, and William J. Bryan. That is an aggregation of many men of many minds which is not often paralleled. Former Mayor Strong, chairman of the fund, wants to see it greatly increased. The treasurer is George Foster Peabody, 27 Pine Street.

Phillips Brooks House is now in process of erection in the northwest corner of the Harvard yard, on a line with Holworthy Hall and parallel with Holden Chapel. The building is to cost $50,000, and the design is by Mr. A. W. Longfellow. The building is to afford homes for various religious societies of the university, and is to be used for the promotion of a religious spirit which shall result in action. This spirit is very active nowadays at Harvard, and the enterprises in which it has found expression have need of a headquarters. The new house has the oldest and plainest brick buildings in the yard for its neighbors, and has been designed to harmonize with them.

Word comes from New Haven of the condemnation of two more Yale buildings of the famous old brick row. North College and the Lyceum are under sentence by the corporation, and will come down next summer. After that, South Middle, built in 1751, will be the sole survivor of the old buildings of Yale. It is the oldest of them all, and possibly the corporation may keep it as a relic. The Lyceum was built in 1804, and North College in 1821. Of the seven buildings in which the greater part of Yale was housed in 1890 only one will see the century out.

The *Alcalde*, a weekly paper which has been published for two years in the interest of the students and alumni of the University of Texas, has concluded to extend its field, and started in November as a general weekly, devoted to politics, literature, education, business, and whatever interests thoughtful people. One peculiarity on which it congratulates itself is that it favors the gold standard. There is as yet a dearth of papers of that persuasion in Texas, though, as the State has no silver-mines, there is no good reason why it should prefer silver dollars. There is good hope that the *Alcalde* will presently find itself less lonely than at present in its sound-money preferences.

The business of the Cooper Union Labor Bureau, R. Fulton Cutting president, is to find work for the unemployed. It considers its business superlatively important, and has faith in the methods which it uses to promote it. Last year it found permanent jobs for 3524 men, and temporary employment, averaging thirteen days at $1 50 a day, for 564 men. Its officers are honored and public-spirited citizens of New York. It needs money for its work, and invites subscriptions, which should be sent to Warner Van Norden, treasurer, 25 Nassau Street.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Messrs. T. W. Higginson, Edward Everett Hale, and William Lloyd Garrison, and fifteen other ladies and gentlemen whose names are familiar, believe that the "History of Woman," which has long engaged the labors of Mr. George Willis Cooke, of East Lexington, Massachusetts, will be a valuable and important work if it is finished, and are anxious that Mr. Cooke should go on with it. He will do so if he can get $1000 a year for the next three years, and it has been suggested by the ladies and gentlemen aforesaid that 100 persons shall send $10 a year for three years to Mr. William L. Garrison, 35 Federal Street, Boston, and thus provide a fund that will insure the world against losing the fruits of Mr. Cooke's labors. Subscribers will receive the book when it is finished.

There are a great many things about women which are not as yet generally known, and with which it would be profitable to the world to be better acquainted. No doubt they will all be disclosed in Mr. Cooke's book, which will be three volumes long when it is finished.

It seems to be virtually determined that the New York Soldiers and Sailors' Monument will not be erected either in the plaza at Fifty-ninth Street or at the northern end of Riverside Drive. The Sculpture Society, through its president, Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, has vetoed both these sites. It would appear that when the search for a site for this monument is resumed it would be well first to ascertain what site seems to the Sculpture Society to be appropriate.

M. Boldini's portrait of Whistler, now on exhibition with others in the Boussod-Valadon gallery on Fifth Avenue, helps to an understanding of the temperament of an artist who seems to find his chief pleasure in giving offence. Mr. Whistler must have had a gratifying experience of his kind of sport in his recent dealings with Sir William Eden. He painted Lady Eden's portrait, with a vague understanding that he was to have from 100 to 150 guineas for it. The portrait was exhibited at the Salon. Sir William sent a check for 100 guineas. Mr. Whistler found that sum insufficient, but retained the check, wrote Sir William a letter, and painted the face out of the portrait. Sir William sued for the return of both the portrait and the check, and for damages besides. He won his case, but Mr. Whistler appealed, and the higher court directed that he should return Sir William's check and pay 1000 francs damages, but that he might keep the portrait. It has not transpired whether Mr. Whistler has complied with this decision or not, but unless M. Boldini's portrait does him much injustice he must have enjoyed greatly all the incidents of the disagreement, and must feel that his seven-hundred-dollars' worth of quarrel was cheaply bought.

The news that the West Point cadets have had their milk stopped is interesting to every one who has knowledge of the unusual amount of malarial illness that has bothered the West Point people for several years past. A despatch in the *Herald* of December 24 stated that the microbes, for which there has been an earnest search at West Point for many months, had at last been run down in the milk, and that since the supply had been shut off the health of the corps of cadets was very greatly improved. It is to be hoped that this tale is well founded. Sickness has been much too common in the Military Academy and near it.

Letters received from Charles M. Harris, chief of the Rothschild expedition to the Galapagos Islands, which left New York last March, report good progress in accomplishing the purposes of the expedition. The party of five went from New York to Panama, where they expected to charter a schooner. There they got yellow fever, and three of them died. Mr. Harris then went to San Francisco, reorganized his party, chartered a suitable vessel, and finally reached the islands about August 1. Writing to his brother, who lives in Augusta, Maine, he says that he has now aboard his schooner thirty-five live tortoises of two species, and about two thousand birds, besides a large number of iguanas of two species, and many lizards, snakes, birds' eggs, and turtles. At the time of writing he had covered about half the ground and accumulated about half a cargo.

The Galapagos, as will be remembered, are on the equator, some six hundred miles off the west coast of South America, and are interesting to scientists as a repository of several species of birds and other creatures which elsewhere have become extinct.

Assistant-Secretary Roosevelt has made a report to the Secretary of the Navy disclosing the decrepitude and inadequacy of the buildings of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and urging that Congress be entreated to provide for putting the material part of the academy in proper order. Mr. Roosevelt believes in a general scheme of rebuilding on a coherent plan, and submits such a plan with his report. Just now, he says, owing to the destruction of a recitation-hall and the abandonment of several tumble-down buildings, the academy is painfully short of quarters, and the cadets recite in a loft, which has been divided into class-rooms by canvas partitions. Mr. Roosevelt thinks that $1,100,000 expended in the course of three or four years, or even longer, would give the country a coherent and suitable fitting school for our naval service. What he wants immediately are an armory, a boat-house, a power-house, officers' quarters, a basin for a training-ship to lie in, and a sea-wall. Some one ought to divulge to Mr. Roosevelt that the policy of the country is billions for pensions and the least possible share of what is left for defence.

A Texas correspondent of the WEEKLY, who is convinced that "the farmer is incomparably of more importance then the colledge graduate," deplores the propensity of rich philanthropists to give millions to promote the higher education, and thinks he knows of a much better thing to do. He invites "some one who wants to denate a million for a real public benifit, to buy a large tract of land cut it up into 40 acre farms put the improvements on them that are necessary for an occupant, then offer them for sale on twenty years time without interest, the money to be used over again for the same purpose, just chargeing enough so as to cover all expenses so that the original sum will never grow any smaller." The projector of this plan has no doubt at all that it would work, that farms so offered would be eagerly taken, and that the result would be to increase the rural population, and keep the cities from being overcrowded. It is a pleasure to inform him that something very like the plan he proposes is being tried by the trustees of Baron Hirsch. His plan would be more attractive if he could guarantee that his assisted farmers would not unanimously repudiate the obligation to pay rent after the first year, and that they would not all vote for free silver at every election. Capitalists sometimes give money for educational uses because they hope thereby to raise the average of intelligence and promote wise government and the security of property. It would probably be difficult to persuade them that the same ends can be attained by promoting the increase of Texas farmers. The time-honored impression that agriculture and a superior virtue are linked together has of late years grown somewhat faint.

In the WEEKLY of December 25 there was an article by Mr. F. L. Olmsted, Jr., about "Neighborhood Pleasure-Grounds in Boston," whereof a Boston reader of the WEEKLY writes as follows:

A most interesting article by Mr. F. L. Olmsted, Jr., in your issue of this week is marred by censure of a certain group of citizens of Boston so unjustifiable that it ought not to be allowed to pass without some word of reply. In describing the pleasure-ground along the part of the Charles River called the Charlesbank, Mr. Olmsted says: "The taking was part of a project, set forth in 1876, for the formation of a walled embankment along the river from this point up to Cottage Farms, a distance of about three miles; but owing to selfish opposition of the influential householders on Beacon Street, the project has not been carried into execution."

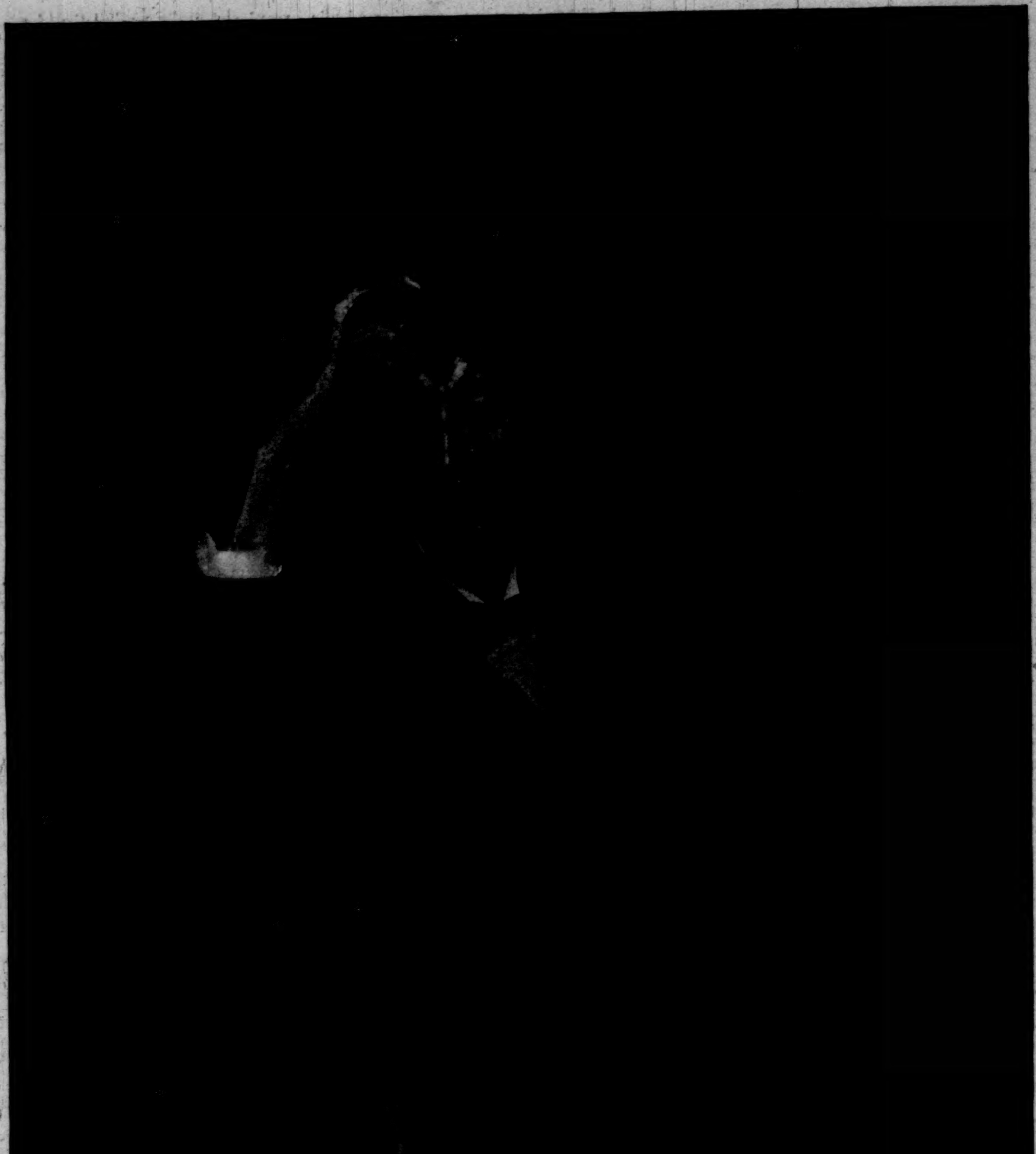
This is wholly unjustified. The "project has not been carried into execution" from lack of funds, the city being already heavily in debt. Moreover, these householders do not oppose a "walled embankment" between their houses and the river. On the contrary, though they do not personally desire the change, preferring the quiet now existing on the river-side, they are ready to acquiesce in the construction of this embankment because it will be a gain for the public, and many of them are even willing to contribute liberally towards the cost of it.

What these same householders did oppose was not the embankment, but two schemes which had no necessary connection whatsoever with the embankment plan. One was to build a dam at the mouth of the Charles River, and turn the Back Bay into a pond of fresh water instead of a tidal basin twice scoured every day with salt water. About this opinions differ, but it was declared by Colonel Waring, and also by many medical experts, that such a pond was probably provocative of malaria, and certainly unwholesome, because at certain times substantially the whole sewage of the entire region empties into the Back Bay, and must continue to do so. The sewers are not large enough to carry both sewage and surface water, and during heavy rains the mixed sewage and water discharges its surplus into the Charles River through automatic floodgates prepared for this purpose. A thoroughly unprejudiced board, the Harbor and Land Commissioners, who heard the testimony, reported against the scheme.

The other proposal was to obtain money for the State by selling part of the proposed embankment for building purposes, thus by a new row of houses cutting off from the water nearly a mile of existing house lots, which had been expressly sold fronting upon a great public water highway. This was mere confiscation, and the scheme met with prompt and deserved failure. The use of such an embankment for building purposes is now expressly forbidden by statute.

It was not Mr. Olmsted's fault, but the misfortune of the WEEKLY itself, that he seems to have made a statement which needs correction. The corrected proofs of his article were not received from him until the number of the WEEKLY in which his article had appeared had gone to press, and certain changes that he indicated could not be made. Those changes included the omission of the entire passage to which the Boston gentleman takes exception, and which therefore, in so far as he could, Mr. Olmsted suppressed. It may be worth adding that Mr. Olmsted's article was written some months ago, when possibly the facts of the case were somewhat less clear than they subsequently became.

E. S. MARTIN.



JAMES A. McNEILL WHISTLER.

From the Painting by Jean Boldini. By Permission of Boussod, Valadon, & Co., New York.—[See Page 42.]

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER III.

THE RED AXE OF THE WOLFMARK.

JUST as clearly do I remember the next morning. The Little Playmate lay by me on my bed, wrapped in one of my childish night-gowns—which old Hanne had sought out for her the night before. It was a brisk, chill, nippy daybreak, and I had piled most of the bedclothes upon her. I lay at the nether side, clipped tight to my single brown blanket. It was perishing cold. Out of the heaped coverings I saw presently a pair of eyes, great and dark, regarding me.

Then a little voice spoke, sweetly and clearly, but yet strangely sounding to me, who had never before heard a babe speak:

"I want my father—tell him to send Grete, my maid, to attend on me, and then to come himself to sit by the bed and amuse me!"

Alas! her father—well I knew what had come to him—that which in the mercy of the Duke Casimir and in the crowning mercy of the Red Axe I had seen come to so many. The dogs did not howl at all that morning. They too were tired with the hunting and sated with the quarry.

All the same, I tried to answer my companion.

"Little maid," said I, "let me be your maid and your father. I will gladly get you all you want. But your good father has gone on a weary journey, and it will be long ere he can hope to return."

"Well," she said, "send lazy Grete, then. I will scold her soundly for not bringing the sop of hot milk and bread—which, indeed, is not food for a lady of my age. But my father insists upon it. He is dreadfully obstinate."

Now there was no one but our old deaf Hanne in the kitchen of the Red Tower. She staid only for cooking and keeping the house clean. My father never paid her wages, and she never asked any. She did her work, and took that which she needed out of the household purse without check or question. It was long before I guessed that Hanne also owed her life to my father's care. I had noticed, indeed, when he had upon him the red headman's dress, which fitted him like a flame climbing up a tall back log on the winter's fire, that old Hanne trembled from head to foot and shrank away into her den under the stairs. Many a time have I seen her peeping round the corner of the kitchen door, and tottering back when she heard him come down the stair from the garret. And I guessed so well the reason of her fear, that I used to cry to her,

"Come out, good Hanne; the Red Axe is gone."

Then would she run, pattering like a scared rabbit over the uneven floor, to the window, and watch my father stalking, grim and tall, across the open spaces of the yard towards the judgment-hall of Duke Casimir, the men-at-arms avoiding him with deft reverence. For though they hated him almost as much as did the fat burghers, they feared him too, and that because Gottfried Gottfried was deep in the confidence of the Duke; and, besides, was no man to stand in the ill graces of when one lived within the walls of the Wolfsberg.

So this morning it was to the ancient Hanne that I ran down, and told her how, as quickly as she might, she must bring milk and bread to the little one.

"But," said she, "there is none save that which is to be sodden for your father's breakfast and your own."

"Do as you are bid, bad Hanne," cried I, being, like all solitary children, quickly made angry, "or I will tell my father to drive you before him when next he goes forth clad in red to the Hall of Justice."

At which the poor old woman gave vent to a sharp screechy cry, and caught at her skinny throat with twitching bony fingers.

"Oh, but you know not what you say, cruel boy!" she gasped. "For the love of God, speak not such words in the house of the Red Axe!"

But, like an ill-governed child, I was cruel, because I knew my power, and so made sure that Hanne would do what I asked.

"Well, then, bring the sop quickly," said I, "or, by Peter and Paul, I will speak to my father! He and I can well be doing with beaten cakes made crisp on the iron girdle. In these you have great skill."

This last I said to cheer her, for she loved compliments on her cooking. Though, strange to tell, I never saw her eat anything herself all the years she remained in our house.

When I was gone upstairs again I looked about for the Little Playmate. She was not to be seen anywhere. There was only a tiny cozy hole down among the blankets, which was yet warm when I thrust my hand within it. But it was empty, and the top a little fallen in, as if the occupant had set her knee on it when she crawled out. A baby stocking lay outside it on the floor.

"Little maid," I cried, "where are you?"

But I heard nothing except a hissing up on the roof, and then a great slithering rumble down below, which boomed like the distant cannons the Margraf sent to besiege us. I listened and shuddered; but it was only the snow from the tall roof of the Red Tower which had slipped off and fallen to the ground. Then I had a vision of a slender little figure clambering on the leads, and the treacherous snow striking her out into the air, and then—the cruel stones of the pavement.

"Little maid! little maid!" I cried out again, beginning to weep myself for pity at my thought, "where are you? Speak to me. You are my playmate."

Then I ran to the roof, and though the stones chilled me to the bone and the frost-bitten iron hasps of the fastenings burned me like fire, I opened the trap-door and looked out. There above me was the crow-stepped gable of the Red Tower, with the axe set on the pinnacle rustily bright in the coming light of the morning—all swept clean of snow. But no little maid.

I ran to the verge and peered down. I saw a great heap of frozen snow fallen on its edge and partly canted over, half covering a deep red stain, which was turning black and horrid in the daylight. But no little maid.

Then I ran all over the house, calling to her, but could not find her anywhere. I was just beginning to bethink me that she might be a fairy child, one that came at night and vanished like the dream gold which is forever turning to withered leaves in the morning. At last I bethought me of my father's room, where even I, his son, had never been at night, and indeed but seldom in the day. For it was the Hereditary Justicer's fancy to lodge him-

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

self in the high garret which ran right across the top of the Red Tower, and was entered only by a little ladder from the first turning of the same staircase by which I had run out upon the leads.

I went to the bottom of the garret turnpike. The little barred door stood open, and I heard—I was sure that I heard—light, irregularly pattering footsteps moving about above.

It gave me strange shakings of my heart only to listen. For though I was noways afraid of my father myself, yet since I had never seen any man, woman, or child (save the Duke only) who did not quail at his approach, it was a curious feeling to think of the lonely little child skipping about up there, where abode the axe and the block—the axe which had done, I knew so well what, to her father only the night before.

So I mustered all my courage—not from any fear of Gottfried Gottfried, but rather from the uncertainty of what I should see, and quickly mounted the stair.

I shall never forget what I saw as I stood with my feet on the rickety hand-rail of the ladder. The long, dim garret was already half-lighted by the coming day. Red cloaks swung and flapped like vast, deadly, winged bats from the rafters, and reached almost to the ground. There was no glass in any of the windows of the garret, for my father minded neither heat nor cold. He was a man of iron. Summer's heat nor winter's cold neither vexed nor pleasured him. So it was no marvel that at the chamber's upper end, and quite near to my father's bed, lay a wreath of snow, with a fine clean-cut, untrampled edge, just as it had blown in from the gable window when the storm burst from the east.

My father lay stretched out on his bed, his head thrown back, his neck bare—almost as if he had done justice on himself, or at least as if he waited the stroke of another Red Axe through the eastern skylight, which the morning was already crimsoning. His scarlet sheathings of garmentry lay upon a black oaken stool, trailing across the floor lank and hideous, one of the cuffs, which had been but recently dyed a darker hue, making a wet sop upon the boards.

All this I had seen many a time before. But that which made me tremble from head to foot with more and worse than cold was the little white figure that danced about his bed—for all the world like a crisped leaf in late autumn which whirls and turns, skipping this way and spinning that in the wanton breezes. It was the Little Playmate. But I could not form a word wherewith to call her. My tongue seemed dried to the roots!

She had taken the red eye-mask which came across my father's face when he did his greater duties, and tied it about her head. Her great, innocent, childish eyes looked elfishly through the black socket-holes, sparkling with a fairy merriment, and her tangled floss of sunny hair escaped from the string at the back and fell tumultuously upon her shoulders.

And even as I looked, standing silent and trembling, with a little balancing step she danced up to the Red Axe itself where it stood angled against the block, and seizing it by the handle high up near the head, she staggered towards the bed with it.

Then came my words back to my mouth with a rush.

"For the Holy Virgin's sake, little maid, put the Red Axe down!" I cried, whisperingly; "you know not what you do!"

Then even as I spoke I saw that my father had drawn himself up in bed, and that he too was staring at the strange, elfish figure. Gottfried Gottfried, as I remember him in those days, was a tall, dark, heavily browed man, with a shock of dusky blue-black hair, of late silvering at the temples—grave, sombre, quiet in all his actions.

But what was my surprise, as the little maid came nearer to the bed with her pretty dancing movement, carrying the axe much as if it had been an over-heavy babe, to see the Duke's Justicer suddenly skip over the far side of the bedstead and stand with his red cloak about him, watching her.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRINCESS HELENE.

"What devil's work is this?" he said, frowning at her severely.

And I confess that I trembled; but not so the little maid.

"Do not be afraid, mannie," she said, laying down the axe on the stock of the couch, against which its broad red blade and glass-clear cutting edge made an irregular patch of light. "Come and sit down beside me on your bed. I shall not hurt you indeed, mannie, and I want to talk to you. There is nothing but a little boy downstairs. And I like best to talk with men."

"I declare, it is the dead man's brat I saved last night for Hugo's sake!" I heard my father mutter, "the maid with the girdle of golden letters."

Presently a smile of amusement struggled about his mouth at her bairnly imperiousness, but he came obediently enough and sat down. Nevertheless he took away the heavy axe from her, and said: "Put this down, then, or give it to me. It is not a pretty plaything for little girls!"

The small figure in white put up a tiny fat hand, and solemnly withdrew the red patch of mask from before the wide-open baby eyes.

"I am not a little *girl*, remember, mannie," she said; "I am a Princess and a great lady."

My father bowed without rising.

"I shall not forget," he said.

"You should stand up and bow when I tell you that," said she. "I declare, you have no more manners than the little boy in the brown blanket downstairs!"

"Princess," said my father, gravely, "during my life I have met a great many distinguished people of your rank, and, do you know, not one of them has ever complained of my manners before."

"Ah," cried the little maid, "then you have never met my father the Prince. He is terribly particular. You must go *so*" (she imitated the mincing walk of a court chamberlain), "you must hold your tails thus" (wagging her white night-rail and twisting about her head to watch the effect), "and you must retire so!" With that she came bowing backwards towards the well of the staircase, so far that I was almost afraid she would fall plump into my arms. But she checked herself in time, and without looking round or seeing me, she tripped back to my father's bedside and sat down quite confidingly beside him.

"Now you see," cried she, "what you would have had to put up with if you had met my father. Be thankful, then, that it is only the little Princess Helene that is sitting here."

"I think I had the honor to meet your father," said Gottfried Gottfried, gravely, again removing the restless baby fingers from the Red Axe, and laying it on the far side of the couch beyond him.

"Then, if you met him, did he not make you bow and bend and walk backwards?" asked the Playmate, looking up very sharply.

"Well, you see, Princess," explained my father, "it was for such a very short time that I had the honor of converse with him."

"Ah, that does not matter," cried the maid; "often he would be most difficult when you came running in just for a moment. Why, he would straighten you up and make you do your bows if you were only racing after a kitten, or, what was worse, he would call the Court Chamberlain to show you how to do it. But when I am grown up—ah, then!—I mean to make the Chamberlain bow and walk backwards; for, you know, he is only taking care of my princedom for me. Oh, and I shall have you well taught by that time, long man. It is cold—cold. Let me get into your bed, and I will give you your first lesson now."

So with that she skipped into my father's place and drew the great red cloak about her.

"Now then, first position," she commanded, clapping her hands like a Sultana, "your feet together. Draw back your left—so. Very well! Bend the knee. Stupid, not that one! Now your head. If I have to come to you, sir—There, that is better. Well done! Oh, I shall have a peck of trouble with you, I can see that. But you will do me credit before I have done with you." In a little while she tired of the lesson. "Come and sit down now" —she waved her hand graciously—"here on the bed by me. Though I am a Princess really, I am not proud, and, as I said, I may make something of you yet."

My father came forward gravely, wrapped himself in another of his red cloaks, and sat down. I shivered in my blanket on the stair-head, but I could not bear to move nor yet reveal myself. This was better than any play I had ever watched from the sparred gallery of the palace, to which Gottfried Gottfried took me sometimes when the mummers came from Brandenburg to divert Duke Casimir.

"My father the great Prince took me for a long ride last night. There was much noise and many bonfires behind us as we rode away, and some of the men spoke roughly, for which my father will rate them soundly today. Oh, they will be sick and sorry this morning when the Prince takes them to task! I hope you will never make him angry," she said, laying her hand warningly on my father's; "but if ever you do, come to me and I will speak to the Prince for you. You need not be bashful, for I do not mind a bit speaking to him, or indeed to any one. You will remember and not be bashful when you have something to ask?"

"I will assuredly not be bashful," said my father, very solemnly. "I will come and tell you at once, little lady, if I ever have the misfortune to offend the most noble Prince."

Then he bent his head and raised her hand to his lips. She bowed in return with exquisite reserve and hauteur, and, as it seemed to me, more with her long eyelashes than with anything else.

"Do you know, black man," she said—"for, you know, you are black though you wear red clothes—I am glad you are not afraid of me. At home every one was afraid of me. Why, the little children stood with their mouths open and their eyes like this whenever they saw me." And she illustrated the extremely vacant surprise into which her appearance paralyzed the infantry of her native city. "I am glad my father left me here till he should come back. Do you know, I like your house. There are so many interesting things about it. That funny axe over there is nice. It looks as if it could cut things. Has it ever cut anything? It is so nicely polished. How do you keep it so, and can I help you?"

"I had just finished polishing and oiling it before I fell asleep," answered Gottfried Gottfried. "You see, little Princess, I had very many things to cut with it last night."

"What a pity the Prince had not time to wait and see you. He is so very fond of going out into the forest with the woodmen. Once he took me to see the tallest tree in all our woods cut down with just such an axe as that—only it was not red. Have you ever seen a high tree cut down?"

"I have cut down some pretty tall ones myself," said the Duke's Justicer, smiling quietly at her.

"Ah, but not as tall as my father! It is beautiful to see him strip his doublet and lay to. They say there is not a woodman like him in all our land." Helene looked at my father, whose arms were folded in his great cloak. "But you have fine strong arms too," she said. "You look as if you could cut things. Did my father ever see you cut down tall trees?"

"Yes," said Gottfried Gottfried, slowly, "once."

"And did he say that you cut well?" the little maid went one, with a strange, wilful persistence in her idea.

"He neither said that I did well nor yet that I did ill," replied Gottfried Gottfried.

"Ah," said Helene, "that was just like the Prince! He was afraid of flattering you and making you unfit for your work. But if he said nothing, depend upon it he was pleased."

"Thank you, Princess," said my father. "I think he was well enough pleased."

Just then there came a noise that I knew—a sound which chilled every bone in my body.

It was the clear ring of a steady footstep upon the pavement without. It came heavily and slowly across the yard. The outer hasp of our door clicked. The door opened and the footstep began to ascend the stair.

There was but one man in the world who dared make so free with the Red Tower and its occupant. Our visitor was, without doubt, the Duke Casimir himself.

For the first time I saw my father manifestly disconcerted. The little maid's life might be worth no more than a torn ballad if Duke Casimir happened to be in evil humor or had repented him of his mercy of the past night. I saw the Red Axe look aimlessly about for a hiding-place. There was a niche round which certain cloaks and coverlets were hung.

"Come in here," he said, abruptly.

"Why should I hide, whoever comes?" asked the Little Playmate, indignantly.

"It is the Duke Casimir," whispered my father, hurriedly, stirred as I had never seen him. "Come hither, quickly."

But the little maid struck an attitude, and tapped the floor with her foot.

"I will not," she said. "What is the Duke Casimir to me that am a Princess? If he is good I will give him my hand to kiss!"

But at this point I rushed from the ladder-head, and taking her in my arms, I sped up the turret stairs with her, out upon the leads, my hand over her mouth all the time. And as I ran I could hear the Duke tramping upwards not twenty steps in the rear. I opened the trap-door and went out into the clear morning sunshine. And only the turn of the stair prevented Casimir from seeing me go up the narrow turret corkscrew with my little white burden.

Then I heard voices beneath, and I knew, as if I had seen it, that my father stood up straight at the salute. Presently the voices lowered, and I knew also that the Duke Casimir was addressing him as he did to none else in his realm save to the Hereditary Justicer of the Wolfmark.

But I had my hands full with the little Princess. I dared not go down the stairs. I dared not for a moment take my palm off her mouth. For as like as not she would call out for the Duke Casimir to come and deliver her from my cruelty. So I stuck to my post, even though I knew that I angered her.

The morning was warm for a winter's day in Thorn, and I pulled open my brown blanket and wrapped her cozily within it, chilling myself to the bone as I did so.

It seemed ages before the Duke strode down the stair again and took his way across the yard, with my father, in black, after him. For so he was used to dress when he went to the Hall of Judgment to be present and assist at the discovery of crime by means of the Minor and Extreme Questions.

Then, so soon as they were fairly gone, I took my hand from the mouth of the Little Playmate and carried her down stairs; which as soon as I had done, she slapped my face soundly.

"I will never, never speak to you any more so long as I live, rude boy—common street brat!" she said, biting her under lip in ineffectual petulant anger. "Listen, never as long as I live! So do not think it! Upstart, so to treat a lady and a Princess!"

And with that she burst into tears.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CALIFORNIA'S BIG DAM.

When the Brooklyn Bridge was built it was pronounced the "eighth wonder of the world," and now California has another "wonder" to add to the list. This "wonder" is the biggest dam in America, and, so far as I have been able to learn from mining and civil engineers, it is the largest in the world.

It is part of a great water-work system, unique in more ways than one, which system is to cost from three to five millions of dollars, and is not only to furnish water to drink and for lawns and other domestic purposes in the city of San Diego, but is also to "redeem" over a hundred thousand acres of farm or ranch land that are now absolutely worthless.

To those of us who have always lived in the rain belts of the world, it is difficult to make plain the vital importance and magnitude of the irrigation schemes required to develop much of the finest part of California, where sunshine gives health and where water will give wealth to thousands who have gone, and will go, to that land of long sunny days that are still deliciously cool, and of nights that bring back to worn-out nerves and ailing lungs the boon of health once more.

But much of that country and its benefits must forever be lost to man unless some plans can be devised by which the really fine land may have more water, for during the greater part of the year great valleys and belts of rich soil are without the touch of rain, and have upon or near them neither river, brook, spring, nor well. Nothing, therefore, will grow upon it but the hideous and destructive cactus and the worthless sage-brush and chaparral.

Of the superficial or artificial prosperity of California we have all heard and read much. Its mines, its fruit, and its climate are known of all men. The brave adventurous spirits who "struck it rich," or who "passed in their checks" by way of the ready-revolver route, but who also incidentally opened up a vast State, we have all learned about. But the solid and permanent possibilities of a large part of California had yet to be provided for. Mines "peter out," and miners are proverbially a shifting population. Climate, however fine, is short ration for a permanent resident, and fruit will not grow without water. Yet it is in the poorly watered belt of California that the fine orange, lemon, and olive groves may be developed, and it is there that the climate is especially fitted for such production.

Therefore until the providence of man shall have wrestled successfully with the water problem southern California's permanent prosperity will remain problematical. It is this question which certain men are now proposing to settle for all time in San Diego County.

Isolated reservoirs and dams have been built in many places in this and other States, but in this "system," now near completion, there is a long-headed method followed which appears to be unique.

I shall try to make it plain and simple, but figures will be necessary. In the first place, go with me to the "catch basin," or highest reservoir. This is a stretch of lowland or valley *near the top of the mountains*. It is 3100 feet above the sea-level, toward which all the water and snow that fall on this side of the Coast Range make their way. But you must remember that unless mountain water and snow are directed by the genius of man, they will flow off into canyons and gulches and rush to the sea, or sink beneath the bed of sandy rivers, as is the fashion with the rivers in California, and be wholly lost and useless so far as the needs of man may go.

The finest land in the world is utterly worthless without an ample water-supply. The very fruits also which can be raised only in this unique climate are especially dependent upon a steady and complete water-supply.

The other day I drove past the beautiful olive-ranch of the venerable historian Bancroft, and was hardly able to determine whether the white-haired old gentleman under the trees or the masses of maturing fruit on the limbs told the more eloquent story of the health and life giving power of this climate *plus* water; for adjoining his ranch is a vast stretch of rich mesa (table) land that is a barren waste of cactus, sage-brush, and alkali, worthless for man or beast, dry, ugly, and forbidding, because it has no water. Yet the land is quite as good as his, and needs only the touch of water to give it value.

But to return to my "catch basin" 3100 feet above and 50 miles from the sea. This basin is composed of 1370 acres of land. It is naturally walled in by mountains, except for one little outlet through a canyon, where flows the river which has received all of the little streams that drain, or catch the rain and snow fall, from 136 square miles (87,000 acres) of mountain-land *above* this tract. There is a great deal of water and snow in those mountains, but all has been lost until now, as it dashed to the sea through this canyon. A private company of men, headed by Mr. E. S. Babcock, who has already done so much for California, is now constructing across this canyon what the engineers tell me is the largest dam in America, and possibly in the world. And in doing this the largest blast in the world was touched off the other day. It was composed of 50 tons and 100 pounds of blasting-powder—the largest number of pounds of powder ever used in a blast, the famous Hell Gate blast having used but 50,000 pounds, or 25 tons.

When this catch basin is full of water it will have 15,226,975,170 gallons of water to hold in trust for the parched lands below. The great dam which is built across the canyon from bed-rock in one mountain-side to bed-rock in the other, and which had to go down below the surface of the river 115 feet to strike bed-rock bottom, will be, when done, 265 feet high, and will, in point of fact, be simply another mountain grown solidly up across the only outlet that nature herself had left for the waters of the hill-tops.

The dam is of unique construction. It is more nearly like those built in India by England than like any others in this country, but has certain features which differ from either, as the engineers tell me.

Stop and picture to yourself a canyon between two mountains through which canyon flows a river. At the river-level the canyon is 80 feet across—that is, about the width of four city lots. At the top the distance across is 2000 feet. Now remember that the mountain brooks and springs and creeks and rivers from 136 square miles will bubble and rush and roar down into the big basin, whose only outlet is this river in the canyon. To dam that river one will have to build another mountain across from bed-rock to bed-rock, and from mountain to mountain, and make it as solid as the eternal hills; for, only the other day, as the workmen were busy with the dam in what was a dry bed of sand, a cloud-burst (or sudden rain) fell somewhere up above without a drop here, but as they worked in the bright sunlight a Mexican horseman came dashing down toward the camp, calling out to the men to take their tools and get out. "Water is coming! Get out! Get out!" he called, and in less than fifteen minutes, as the men scrambled up the bank from the works, a solid body of water two feet deep dashed down the river, and left several feet of débris where the men had been at work, while it sped on to the sea, and left behind it a stretch of sand dry again the next day, instead of a rushing river. This was in the "dry season" too. Multiply it many times and many days when the wet season comes, and you will realize something of what this great dam will have to endure and withstand. It will stand, as I said, 265 feet high. That is about as high as a house of twenty-two stories would be. (I believe the famous Osborn Flats of New York are but fifteen stories aboveground.) The Morena dam will be 20 feet wide, or thick, across the top, so you may walk or drive across it from mountain-side to mountain-side, and the slant of the canyon is such that at this point the dam will give you a walk or drive of 500 feet. To make such a tremendous structure strong enough to withstand such pressure as it will have to resist, it will be made 450 feet thick at the river surface! That is, the dam will be about as thick through at the bottom as the length of two city blocks on Broadway, New York, or from Twenty-first to Twenty-third streets, which, as you will see, will be a very respectable artificial mountain. Excepting the "toe" of this dam, this great structure is built with loose rock. Or, to be more explicit, the core of the dam, or toe wall, which is constructed of rock and cement, and which is 12 feet thick, will be backed and braced and continued on and up by a structure of rock 450 feet thick at the bottom, and 20 feet thick at the top. This great mass of broken rock and bowlders is dropped and driven firmly into place by falling from great iron skips 250 feet in the air. The face of the dam from the toe wall will be carried on up in the shape of a four-foot masonry wall, faced on the water side with 14 inches of asphaltum. This is to render the great artificial mountain impervious to water. The backing of rock will make the bracing behind this.

Suppose for a moment that we wished to dam Broadway (and there are people who do). Suppose that we built from the *Herald* building across to the Bartholdi, begining 115 feet *below*ground for a foundation in bed-rock, mortising into a toe wall 12 feet thick, 14 inches of asphaltum on a four-foot masonry wall, backed by rock-work 450 feet thick—or extending from Thirty-fifth to Thirty-seventh streets—and carried up as high as would be a twenty-two-story building.

Broadway would be thoroughly blocked, would it not?

Is there anything that could break through? Yes, it could be blasted out, but nothing else would free the street.

But when this great dam at Morena is done, we have only one of a system, and it is the cleverness of the system idea that is the main feature.

From Morena there is a fall, or difference of altitude, of 1500 feet down the line of the same canyon, or river-bed, to the next dam, eight miles farther on, which is called Barrett's Dam. I suppose you will want to know what use there can be for another dam after what I have said. Well, just this: it is estimated that there will be much more water above the big dam than even its great basin will hold, so that there is an escapement tunnel, 8 feet in diameter, and 375 feet long, blasted through solid granite, that will discharge an eight-foot stream and divert it from the catchment basin when that is full enough, carry the surplus around *through* the mountain itself, and empty it in the same canyon *below* the big dam, just at its heel. Thence it will go on its original way toward the sea, gathering up as it flows, also, all of the other streams that naturally enter the river on the lower level of this 1500-foot descent (covering eight miles in distance, and draining another large area of 114 square miles below the big dam).

Here, again, is a dam of different construction, and a receiving-basin, or reservoir, which will hold 15,630,000,000 gallons.

Again, when this is full, and in order to gather in the streams that rise in the lower foot-hills—and with an altitude fall of 1200 more feet toward the sea—is the Otay dam, built on still another method, which has a reservoir with a capacity of 14,000,000,000 gallons, and these three reservoirs will distribute water to reclaim and make great and beautiful ranches of olive, orange, lemon, and grapes, land which is now cactus, sage brush, and alkali waste-land, parched and barren, and useless to man or beast.

So much for the "biggest dam" and its meaning to southern California.

The biggest blast in the world?

Well, it was like this:

Picture to yourself a tunnel 3 feet by 6 feet in size, 93 feet long, blasted that far straight into the granite side of the mountain. This is about 200 feet below the top of the mountain. Then picture a tunnel 97 feet directly across the end of this one, forming a capital T. At the end of this cross-tunnel blast out rooms, in each of which you will pack 50,000 pounds of blasting-powder. Then tamp or fill up your 93 foot entrance tunnel, and touch off your electric connection with that powder.

Take advice, however, and don't stand on top of the mine. Something is going to break. In the case at Morena, there was a great shiver of the earth and rocks, a dead rumble, a great roar, a burst, an upheaval and an *out*heaval toward the canyon, and 250,000 tons of granite and stone and earth began to turn and fall and crash and dash into the canyon below. Then smoke and dust and sand rolled up and up, and out of crevices of rocks and earth. More masses of loosened stones, from one to two hundred tons in size, let go their tottering hold on the mountain-side and crashed their way down to solid footing, and still the powder smoke and dust crept out of cracks in earth and rock and rolled up from the canyon, and at last nature resumed her sway and silence fell on camp and mountain, except as the workmen's hammers, the drills, the boiler's shriek, the derrick's creak, and the teamsters' calls filled the air, and "the biggest blast in the world" was a thing of the past—but California had furnished it, as was her natural right.

Helen H. Gardener.

"PICTURESQUE SICILY."

I.

It has been almost fatiguingly usual to compare a new book to a little ship just sailing on its first voyage—its cargo so precious to the owner, its port so uncertain, its progress so wholly dependent on the winds of heaven, that will sweep it forward or drive it from its course or wreck it utterly, even as the winds of heaven in their large freedom determine. And the warmest good wishes and the cheers of friends and the approval of reviewers are seen, in this comparison, to be but ineffective things—little more than puffs of idle breath from those on shore!

But there is travel by land as well as voyaging by sea; moreover, certain books have a *personal* charm that we simply cannot express without using terms which are commonly applied not to ships or anything mechanical, but to human beings whom we are disposed to like. Such a rare book becomes our companion; it has manners; it is considerate, sympathetic; unpretentiously it lets us discover its character; far from putting the excellent writing and the striking situations and the interest of the subject in the foreground, and insisting that we shall see them without delay, it is rather given to hiding its merit. In the first chapters, a bit reserved or diffident, it has the modest approach of a gentleman.

Mr. Paton's new book, *Picturesque Sicily*,* shows us, in the opening chapters, no more than a winter's tale of an observant traveller who has chosen to pass several of the cold months—or months that he might otherwise have found cold—in Palermo. One has begun to read it chiefly, perhaps, because it is pleasant to be taken to any part of the Mediterranean at this season; one is perhaps wholly unsuspicious of the varied story and history that are to come—of art and wealth and passion in the past; of archæology and poverty and passion in the present. One is not conscious of being led on; one may even fancy himself indifferent, and may think of laying the book aside, and taking up instead Freeman's Sicilian studies, or Goethe's *Italienische Reise*. But then, making the attempt, one will find that he cannot turn back—one is in Sicily. The fascination of Trinacria itself, realized little by little, finally holds us. We are no longer mere readers, but fellow-travellers, when Mr. Paton sets out from Palermo to visit Eryx, the city in cloud-land; and then from the west proceeds to the "fairest of mortal cities," Girgenti (the Greek Acragas, the Latin Agrigentum) in the south; to Caltanisetta and the sulphurous heart of Sicily; to Ætna and to Syracuse, once the greatest and richest of European cities in the East; finally to the land of the Cyclops, and, as near as prudence allowed, to Charybdis and Scylla.

II.

Intrinsically the subject is not only full of entertainment, but it possesses an importance that has never, if we may judge from the comparatively small number of books devoted to it, been generally or fully appreciated. There is perhaps no better starting-point for the study of European history than the story of this island, upon which have been fought to decisive issue some of the momentous contests between Europe and Asia. In these conflicts Europe was on the defensive; civilization itself was at stake. Sikans and Sikels, Phœnicians, Greeks, Romans, Carthaginians, Saracens, Normans, Angevins, Spaniards—all have had their day and their fierce play in the island that by turns has been the most splendid part of Greece, the most fertile part of the Roman Empire, and (after its conquest by the Normans) the most brilliant of European states. And to the superlatives, which seem no more than adequate in this connection, the most emphatic remain to be added, for we should at least not forget that Sicily was the most beloved portion of Germany (at the time of Emperor Frederick II.); again the most ill-used portion of Spain, and, finally, the most neglected or misgoverned *compartimento* of Italy. "The Ireland of Italy," it has been called, but that phrase gives only a fraction of the truth, for here we have experiences, achievements, and calamities enough, surely, to distribute over a whole continent, all focussed in this three-cornered bit of the earth's surface, which is less than one-third the size of Ireland.

In spite of Mr. Paton's general assurance that he made his journeys rather easily and in entire safety, particular descriptions in the volume will discourage travel in the same degree in which his appreciative and convincing accounts of art and archæological marvels will stimulate it. Here and there delightful traits in the Sicilian character are disclosed: the ragged young sculptor at Taormina, whom we encounter on page 346, is charming, and so are his brave, polite, hungry, and thirsty young comrades; and the dwarf Gobbo gave promise of being such an excellent guide when Mr. Paton drove up to the city sacred to Venus that we wanted to have more of him, and feel constrained to say so now. Yes, there are glimpses of a sort of nobility and gleams of happiness, but the main impression made by Sicilians in the outlying districts and small towns is distressful. Where the people are starved and filthy, an American may travel for pleasure, certainly, but his pleasure will be of one of these two varieties: first, the pleasure of study, that must never take anything (but itself) quite seriously; second, the pleasure of giving.

Marrion Wilcox.

* *Picturesque Sicily*. By William Agnew Paton. Illustrated. New York and London: Harper & Brothers.

A STREET IN THE SLUMS.

I slowly wander through the crowded street
 And see the people swarming on my way,
Hear clatter of their hundred thousand feet,
 And watch their faces, stolid, grave or gay.

And there are children—children everywhere;
 Some sprawl before you, some go running by,
Some shouting here, while some are singing there,
 The elder laughing as the younger cry.

Their hands and faces all are soiled and smeared,
 Brown, naked, muddy all their legs and feet:
Young savages in city cellars reared,
 The gypsies and the Tartars of the street.

A crowd of buxom, ruddy-visaged girls
 In saucy gladness down the sidewalk comes:
Doves of the alleys, hovel-hidden pearls,
 The roses and the lilies of the slums.

A proud young mother, nursing twins, sits there,
 One at her breast, one fallen fast asleep;
A tall policeman treads with lordly air,
 As though the kingdoms all were in his keep.

Down there a beggar's old hand-organ squeaks,
 Fruit-venders, unshaved peddlers standing nigh;
The freckled newsboy runs and calls and shrieks,
 Street-cleaners, porters, bootblacks, plodding by.

Here, wearing ear-ring hoops of solid gold,
 A rich Italian matron goes in black;
And here a toothless, bearded beldame old
 Bends with the burden on her crooked back.

I watch the old Jew in his clothing-shop,
 The curious sign in Hebrew at the door;
I see him call his country friends to stop
 And view the untold wonders of his store.

And last I note the old primeval curse
 That comes to all, in squalor and in state:
That small white coffin yonder in the hearse
 Leaves one more shabby home disconsolate.

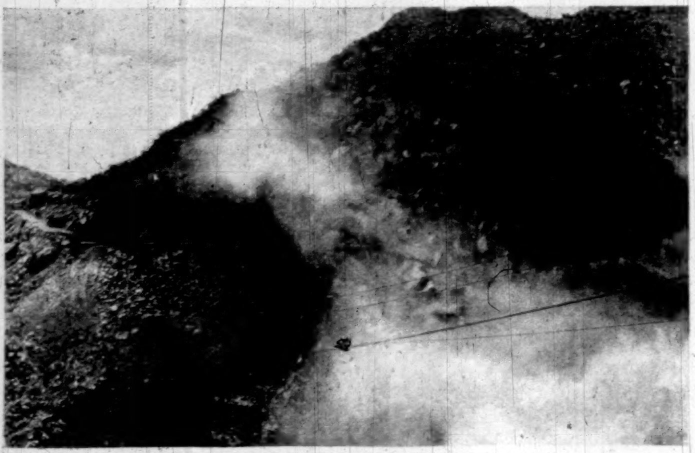
Walter Malone.

DOMESTIC WARDERS.

Probably the question of whether a parrot can use its little brain and its talkative gifts to really intelligent ends will never be settled as a general conclusion. The individual polly must make the individual rule and record. Nevertheless, here is a parrot in Naples that had been taught, merely incidentally and along with a large stock of phrases, the words, "Quick, quick! a thief, a thief!"—in choice Italian, so far as Naples knows it. The bird had not used the exclamation in the hearing of its owner, a maker of theatrical wigs, within many years. In fact, the owner's wife, long dead, imparted the words as a bit of fun, and with her absence the parrot had apparently forgotten them, as it had forgotten many other scraps of her tuition. Last month, in the absence of the owner, two rascals entered his shop and laid hands on what wigs they could. The parrot was heard screaming, "Quick, quick! a thief, a thief!" either in mere nervousness or with an excellent judgment that excuses its trifling neglect to make the alarm plural in form. The men were caught red-handed—or at least red-haired handed, the wig-maker's specialty being blond and auburn goods. Of course it may have been a chance; but if so, that the parrot should use just that disused ejaculation was a most curious coincidence. This judicious parrot, however, is not any more to be complimented than the excellent cat of M. Norelon, of the Rue de la Glacière, in Paris. M. Norelon's cat—a russet and black Angora of female persuasion, and evidently quite as cross and treacherous as are most Angora felines—leaped at the face of the unfortunate thief plundering her old master's desk. It scratched and tore the hapless marauder's nose, cheeks, and forehead as only a big fat Angora cat in wrath can manage to do, and it screeched its loudest with every rip of its claws. The thief shook off the cat; but the alarum of the struggle was heard, and he had no time to flee further than under old M. Norelon's bed. The hall door had been closed by a spring-catch. On opening it, with the aid of two officers of the law and a locksmith, the vigilant Angora, whose absurd name is "Violet," was discovered, with every hair on end, planted before the bed, growling, yowling, and glaring at the concealed foe. The thief was marched off, and M. Norelon's invaluable Violet was complimented with a collar and with all sorts of queer gifts from the proud old owner and his amused neighbors. Violet is seven years old.

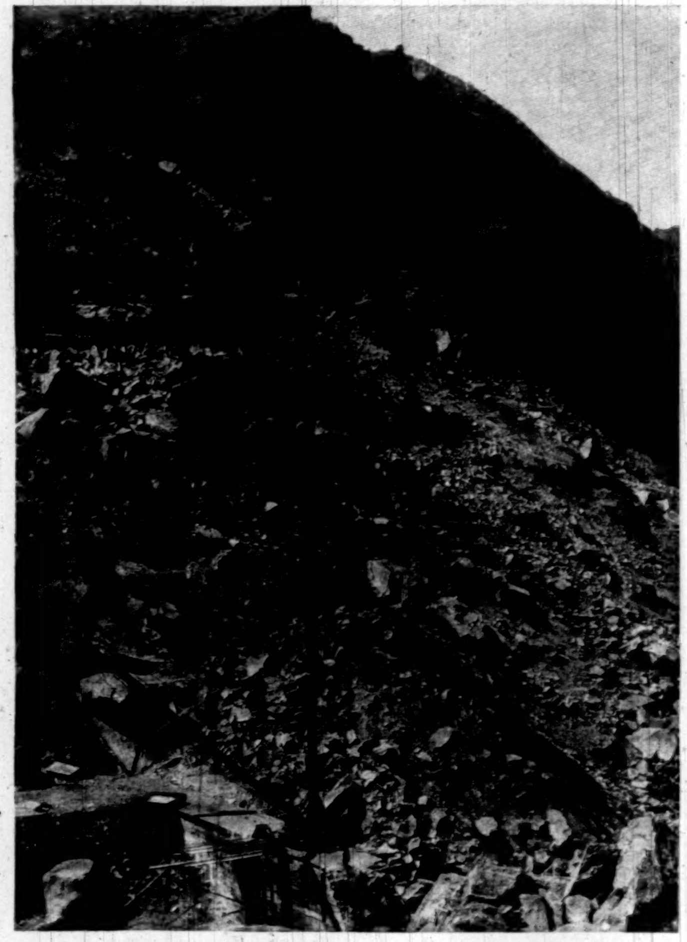
SOUTH WALL, MORENA DAM SITE BEFORE EXPLOSION.
Showing Ledgerwood Cables, with carrying capacity of 17 Tons, across Canyon, 800 Feet wide.

AFTER THE BIG BLAST AT MORENA DAM.
Smoke and Dust boiling up higher than the Ledgerwood Cable, 360 Feet above the River.



THE GREAT BLAST, MORENA DAM—TEN MINUTES AFTER THE EXPLOSION.
Showing Powder Smoke and Dust still boiling up from the Canyon and out from the Side of the Mountain.

MORENA RESERVOIR AND CAMP.
The Reservoir will cover the entire Valley, Houses, Camp, and All.

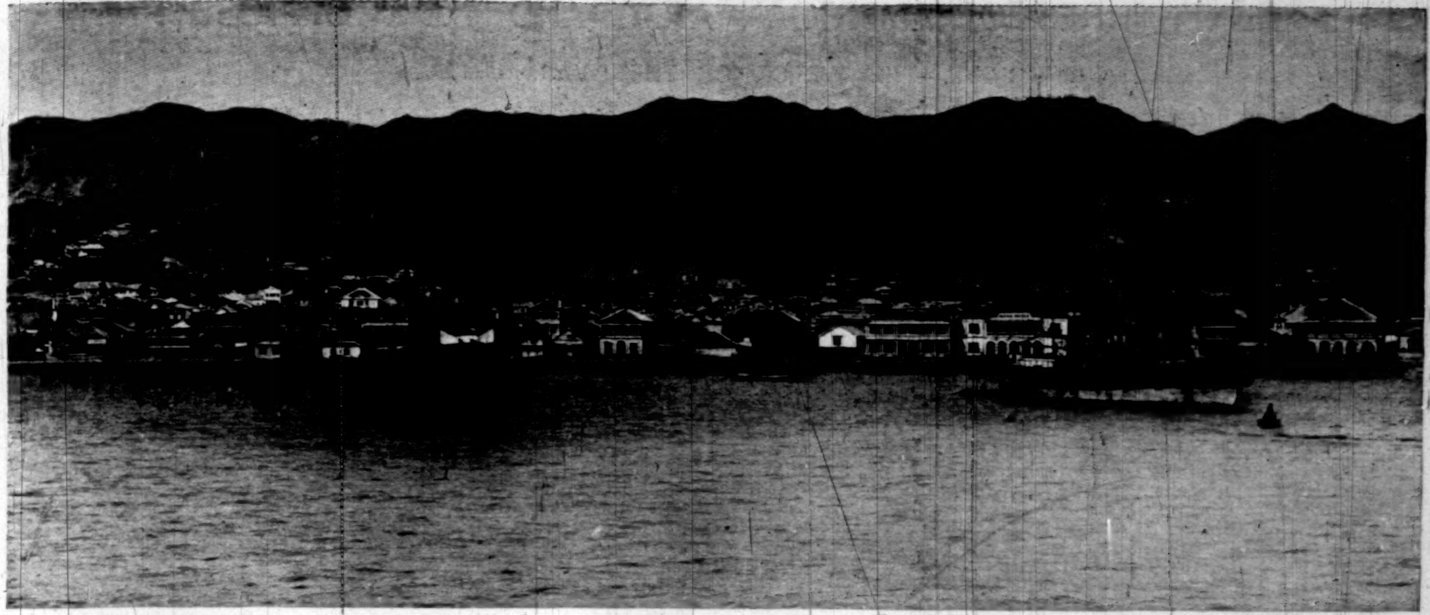


MORENA DAM—SOUTH WALL—AFTER THE GREAT BLAST.

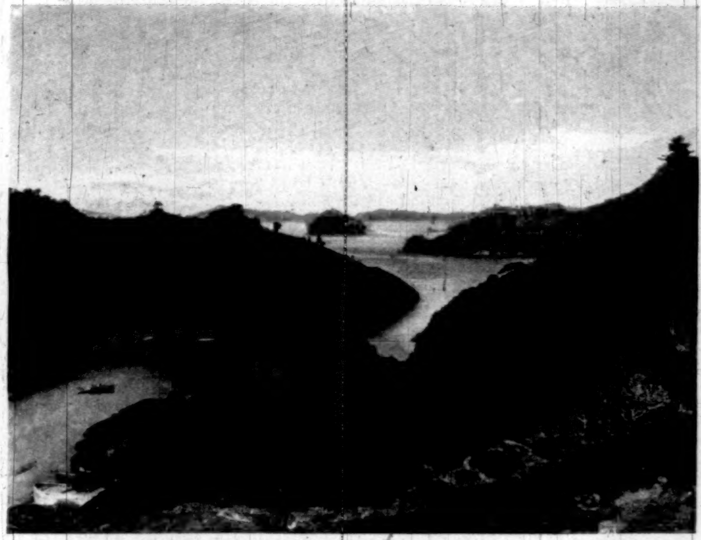
MORENA RESERVOIR SITE.
All of this large Valley will be under Water when the Dam is Completed.

MORENA DAM, LOOKING DOWN STREAM.

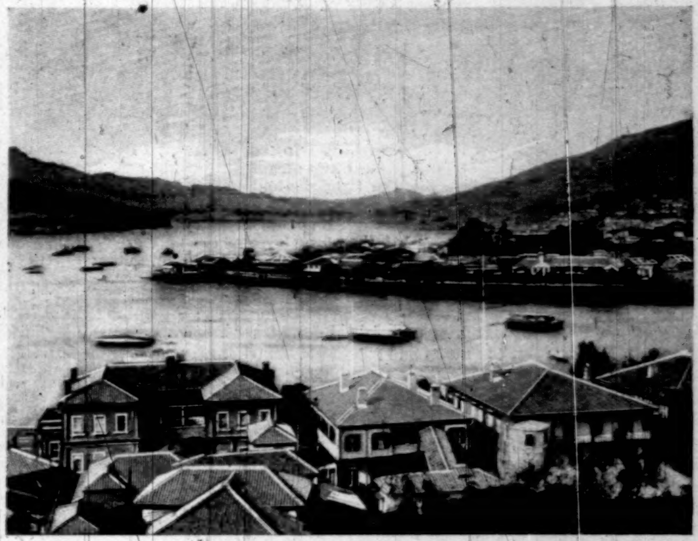
CALIFORNIA'S BIG DAM, AND THE BIG BLAST OF AUGUST 24, 1897.—[See Page 34.]
Two Hundred Thousand Tons of Rock displaced by Fifty Tons of Giant-Powder.



THE HARBOR OF KOBÉ—AT THE HEAD OF THE INLAND SEA, AND THE SHIPPING-POINT FOR KIOTO AND OSAKA.



ENTRANCE TO NAGASAKI HARBOR.



NAGASAKI—THE MOST IMPORTANT PORT OF SOUTHERN JAPAN.

NAGASAKI HARBOR, SHOWING DRY DOCK.

THE INDUSTRIAL MOVEMENT IN JAPAN.—[See Page 45.]

ADVENTURES OF AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS.

VII.—THE WRECK OF THE "VANDALIA."

THE *Vandalia*, considered one of the crack ships of the old wooden navy, had, in the winter of 1889, nearly completed her cruise in the Pacific, and had come up to the Mare Island Navy-Yard to go out of commission, when telegraphic instructions came clicking across the continent that she would be wanted for immediate service in Samoa, where American interests were being endangered by the German occupation. No time was lost in fitting her out; new officers and men were picked up from the ships then at the navy-yard, and after a hasty departure from the Golden Gate and a brief stop at Honolulu, the *Vandalia*, on Washington's birthday, dropped anchor in the harbor of Apia.

This harbor is scooped out of the coral rock that girdles the island of Upolu. "Bottle-shape" (to quote Robert Louis Stevenson) best describes it; the entrance short and narrow, opening into a wider basin, pierced here and there by jutting reefs. The island itself has a mountainous backbone, whose densely thicketed slopes, marked by the silvery lines of many cascades, merge themselves into the green uplands, and then meet the fringe of palmtrees along the beach. Two small rivers, flowing into the harbor, have washed out narrow sandy strips—the only breaks in the circle of the flat, black-mottled reef, and, at low tide, the only places where boats can land. In this small harbor the *Vandalia* found, scattered among a lot of smaller merchant vessels, five men-of-war—the *Nipsic*, up to this time the solitary representative of the United States; the *Adler*, *Olga*, and *Eber*, German ships at whom we were supposed to look askance; and the *Calliope*, an English cruiser. A few days later the *Trenton*, our flagship, with Rear-Admiral Kimberly on board, arrived from Panama.

The particular day was Friday—always considered unlucky in the seaman's calendar—and the particular date was the 15th of March, that we had the first warning of a gathering storm. The barometer fell slowly but steadily during the forenoon, and in the afternoon the usual preparations for bad weather were made; lower yards were sent down, topmasts were housed, and steam was raised. About a week before this the *Vandalia* had ridden out a severe gale with no worse result than a broken anchor-stock and some badly tangled anchor-chains, so there was no alarm felt as to our safety. As we gathered around the wardroom table that night, for what proved to be our last meal on board a doomed ship, everybody thought the gale would blow itself out before morning.

Upon going on deck for watch at midnight, I found a moderate gale blowing, but the moon and stars were shining brightly. About one o'clock, after a conference between Captain Schoonmaker and Lieutenant Carlin, the executive officer, orders were given to drop the sheet-anchor underfoot. This made three anchors down, as we were moored with both bowers, forty-five fathoms on the chains. At three o'clock the sky became overcast and the wind howled through the darkness and gloom, while the waves dashed by in white streaks and went swashing over the reef. At times, when the squalls were heaviest, we would steam slowly up to our anchors, and the engine-room gong repeated the signals, "one bell," "two bells," with a monotonous clang. The vessels inshore of us all seemed to be holding their own, the bright lights of our next-door neighbor, the *Calliope*, looking particularly cheerful, although a little too close for comfort. The steady red glow of the fixed light that the Jesuit Fathers had set for a beacon on the walls of their convent was our only landmark. Outside of us the *Trenton* was riding uneasily; beyond, it was as black as pitch. When Lieutenant Culver relieved me at four o'clock, things looked ugly; but, remembering our experience the week before, I went below to turn it, fully persuaded that matters would mend after sunrise.

Back of my bunk was a large tin box in which I stowed some of my uniforms. I do not know how long I had been sleeping, when I was suddenly awakened by the box tumbling on top of me; at the same time I heard the swishing of water in the wardroom, the creaking of bulkheads, the clatter of overturning chairs. A sea had evidently boarded us, and a minute later the cry of "All hands on deck!" brought me to my feet. Hastily dressing, I hurried to my station on the poop. A wonderful change had taken place in the weather. A gray misty pall overhung the harbor—the first sign of dawn; a fierce hurricane was raging; the wind came in heavy gusts; huge waves dashed themselves remorselessly against the bulwarks; the white-caps were swept off in stinging spray; and the ship pitched and rolled, tugging violently at her chains. Although the engines were working steadily and the foot of the spanker had been hauled out, the helm seemed powerless to bring the ship head to wind. Daylight revealed a scene of confusion and disaster in the inner harbor. The little gunboat *Eber* had disappeared. We saw the *Adler* give a deep roll, and before she could right herself a wave picked her up as if she were a toy in the hand of a Titan, and threw her on her side high on the reef. The *Nipsic*, which had been near the *Eber*, could not be made out at first, but later on we discovered that she had been beached.

Dangers lurked on every hand. The *Vandalia*, *Calliope*, and the *Olga* had been moored near the middle of the harbor. We were directly in the hawse of the *Calliope*, and that vessel now began to sheer and charge about. To leeward of us was the jagged edge of the western reef. If we held our ground, it looked as if the powerful steel cruiser would surely cut us down; if we veered chain, destruction awaited us on the reef. A heavy sea carried away our steering-gear. Two quartermasters, Walter Hart and Louis Deistel, hurried to the tiller-room, and from that time on the ship was steered by her relieving-tackles. All eyes were now fixed on the *Calliope*. She poised for an instant on the top of an in-coming wave, and then shot straight for our beam, as if to strike us a death-blow. On her forecastle stood a seaman in rain-clothes, peering ahead; apparently one had only to reach out to touch him. Our men rushed away from the point of danger, some forward, others aft; but as the big black hull sank into the trough of the sea she backed away from us; her jib-boom came down with a cracking noise on the poop, and broke short off. The *Vandalia* had now begun to drag slowly towards the reef; but the *Calliope* could not be shaken off. Another sea hurled her towards us, and with a crash her sharp prow struck a glancing blow that smashed our starboard quarter-gallery. The ship shivered with the shock. Word came up from the engine-room that one of the boilers was disabled, and that the steam was running down. Our situation seemed a desperate one.

Just then the *Calliope* began to drift away from us, and before we could quite realize what had happened, we saw her slowly turn and head out of the harbor. She had slipped her chains, and was trying to gain the open sea. Our feeling of relief was mingled with one of admiration for the audacity of such an undertaking. Some of the officers on the bridge of the *Calliope* doffed their caps as she passed, and Lieutenant Carlin waved to them in reply. She crawled forward in the teeth of the gale inch by inch, and for a moment we forgot our own danger in watching her hard struggle. As she passed the *Trenton* the masts of the two ships seemed to interlock. From our position a collision looked inevitable, but she swung clear, and we heard the sound of men cheering as she slowly disappeared in the mist. The *Calliope* was a modern steel cruiser of about the same displacement as our own *Atlanta*, but more powerfully engined. It was impossible for one of our old-fashioned wooden ships to follow her example.

Meantime our position was rapidly growing more and more hazardous. A tremendous current was setting along the reef. Strenuous efforts were made to bring the ship head to wind; but as the seas poured over her broadside she would make a dash for the breakers on the reef; then a friendly eddy would catch her within a few feet of the rocky dead-line, and she would sheer off, gradually drifting inshore all the time. Repairs had been made upon our disabled boilers, and the cheerful news came up from Passed Assistant Engineer Webster, who had been on watch since one o'clock in the morning, that steam was again up to sixty pounds. Our hopes were now high; if we could only keep clear of the lee reef, we might reach a sandy strip where the *Nipsic*, abandoned by her crew, could now be plainly seen, with her bow high on the beach. But a new obstacle blocked our path. The German corvette *Olga* had been running amuck since early dawn, and now lay close to the reef. To reach the inner harbor we would have to pass between her and the rocks. We slipped our sheet chain and veered on both bowers. The *Olga* plunged forward, then backed, and through the momentary opening the *Vandalia* shot straight as an arrow, with only a few feet to spare on either hand. The skill of the seaman and the caprice of the current had saved us.

During these trying times the Captain, the executive officer, and Lieutenant Wilson, the navigator, stood at the break of the poop, and our three naval cadets were kept busy dodging the seas as they ran here and there with messages. There was no confusion, only the sharp, quick words of command. Thomas Green, a typical old shell-back quartermaster, was at the conn, looking as unconcerned as if he were only passing through a summer squall. Some of the crew had been sent to the bilge-pump, and as the handles rose and fell Pay-Clerk Roche raised his deep bass voice in an old-fashioned "chanty," and the sturdy chorus of "Yo, ho, blow the men down," rose above the shriek of the wind. Our Chinese servants had provided themselves with life-preservers early in the day, having found them beneath the bunks in the officers' state-rooms. With their baggy clothes trussed up in these cumbersome jackets, they huddled together like sheep, and kept up a constant jabber, their long queues waving in the air, and their terrified looks belying their reputation for stoicism. A call for volunteers in the fire-room was quickly answered by Sergeant John Coleman, who headed the brave band from the men on deck. The lower decks were filled with steam; and these men had to grope their way below. Every emergency found willing hands to meet it, but wind and wave were like dragons' teeth; one danger was no sooner over than another sprang up to replace it.

Nothing could avail, however, against the slow, steady drift of the heavily laboring ship. The engines were working well, but the reef was close astern, and the treacherous currents were like a maelstrom. Off the starboard bow was one little spot where the ship could be beached. "Full speed ahead," was signalled to the engine-room, and "Stand by to slip the chains" was the word sent forward. There was a ship's length to gain; the battered hull creaked and groaned in every timber as she made this final effort. But the goal was never reached; in another instant her stern took against the innermost part of the reef, with a grinding, crunching sound; her bow swung slowly around to starboard, exposing her port broadside to the seas, and with her engines still going the old *Vandalia* began to gradually settle and slowly list to port.

The huge seas now began sweeping over the sinking ship, rising full fifteen feet above the rail, wrenching boats from their davits, and deluging the decks. The engines were stopped, and the safety-valves opened. The firemen, hastily called up on deck, took refuge on the forecastle and poop. The shore was only two hundred yards away, and a large number of marines and landsmen, seizing hammocks to use as life-preservers, sprang into the water and attempted to swim ashore. The current was running like a mill-race, and most of these men were swept out to sea. Through the veil of mist, spray, and sand clouds we could see shadowy groups of men running up and down the beach, making vain efforts at rendering some assistance. A volunteer crew was called upon to man the second cutter, in the hope of getting a line ashore; but the boat was found to be badly stove in, and the idea was abandoned. E. H. Hammer, a seaman, then tried to swim ashore with a line, but he was swept back against the ship and drowned. The sight of so many struggling, drowning men deterred the great majority from making the attempt at swimming. Possibly by waiting, help might come from the shore.

The main-deck was now deserted; all hands had gathered on the forecastle and poop. Our efforts to float lines ashore by means of buoys were fruitless. A signal came from shore, "No boat can live in this sea." While discussing the situation with Surgeon Harvey, who stood near me on the poop, a heavy sea broke over us and upset a Gatling gun, which struck my right leg. I grabbed a life-line and did not get the full force of the blow. The poop and the mizzen-rigging were so crowded, and the position seemed so dangerous, that I suggested to Dr. Harvey our trying to reach the forecastle. To do this we had to make our way along the main-deck. We made a dash for the lee of the mainmast, and after holding on there until a heavy sea passed over us, we succeeded in getting under the forecastle. Here we found Lieutenant Heath, the three naval cadets, and a few of the crew. Later on, owing to the danger of the pivot-gun ports being smashed in, we scrambled up on the topgallant forecastle. The ship's stern had been settling faster than her bow; forward the seas did not seem to break over us so heavily.

About fifty yards inside of us, abreast the foremast, lay the *Nipsic*. Lines from her bow had been made fast to the palm-trees on the beach, and as she surged backward and forward in the breakers I spoke to Cadet Wiley, who was standing by my side, about the chances of swimming to her. After watching the current and noticing that it swept from the stern around the bow, we decided to go aft and make the attempt. The main-deck, flooded with water and strewn with wreckage, was now impassable, so we had to crawl along the lee rail. We reached the steam-launch with some difficulty; here we found Sergeant Coleman. The launch, strongly lashed in her iron cradle, was the only boat left; she might be carried away any minute. I decided to keep on; slid down to the rail again, passed over the main-yard—which was lashed across the bulwarks—and reached the main-rigging in safety. Turning to look for my companions, I found that they were still in the launch. Wiley had stripped himself of his clothing, and a moment later was on the main-yard. Looking aft, I saw that many men were being swept overboard; a few of them reached the *Nipsic*. The current was running stronger than ever. I called out to Wiley that he had better give up the idea of swimming; but he was evidently determined to try it. After getting well out on the yard-arm he deliberately plunged overboard; the sea broke over him after he had taken a few strokes, and then I saw no more of him. At that time I thought he was surely drowned.

Lieutenant Heath and Sergeant Coleman had joined me in the main-rigging. We were all barefooted, scantily clad, and drenched to the skin. Constant excitement had kept off hunger and fatigue, but now we were in for a long siege, as we had decided to stick to the ship. Slowly and wearily we crawled to the highest available perch—the maintop. Lieutenant Wilson, Ensign Ripley, and about a dozen men were already there. We were able to stretch out on the coils of tarred rope that littered the top; but the stinging spray frequently lashed us. We could see the foretop crowded with people; many who could not get there were hanging on to rigging and jacob-ladders. The mizzenmast had no top—nothing but a small grating between the cross-trees. Many of our shipmates on the poop-deck were too weak to get to the rigging. They lay along the deck, holding on to life-lines. Each sea that came over would sweep off one or two. I saw the Captain and his two servants swept into the current; they went down after a brief struggle.

The ship had sunk until her rail was awash. The three masts, our rallying-places, stood like beacons, separated from one another by the swirling waters, which carried hither and thither the flotsam of the wreck. Some one called my attention to a figure on the *Nipsic*. From time to time we had seen men swept close to the abandoned ship, where they would clutch at the dangling ropes, and then, after being dashed against the side, release their hold and drift out to sea. Many of these were Chinamen; their life-preservers were of little use. The man on the *Nipsic*, who turned out to be Colarito, one of our firemen, succeeded in heaving a line to the fore-rigging. Old "Bill" Winchester, our gray-bearded chief boatswain's mate, superintended the work of hauling a hawser on board and securing the end. Four men in the mizzentop, seeing this chance of escape, attempted to slide down the topmast stay; three of them fell and were drowned, the fourth reached the maintop, where he was dissuaded from trying to reach the foremast. Meantime, several men, with their legs and arms twined around the hawser, tried to cross over from the fore-rigging. At first a few were successful; but as the *Nipsic* surged backward and forward the hawser would tauten like a bar, and then slack down almost to the water's edge. Two men became tangled up with each other when about halfway across. The hawser tautened and threw one man off; he grabbed his companion around the waist; the latter tried to beat him off, and in the struggle both were lost. John Roche, our pay clerk, was an excellent swimmer. I saw him drift by, floating on his back; as he passed under the hawser it slackened; he raised his hand to grab it, but it tautened beyond his reach, and without further struggle he was carried on by the current. The hawser finally parted, and escape in that direction was cut off.

Now came a period of long and weary waiting. In the maintop we watched eagerly for some rift in the clouds, some lull in the storm; but the wind moaned and shrieked through the rigging, and the waves surged and seethed below. As the afternoon wore on the poop-deck was washed away; the crowd in the mizzen-rigging seemed in sore straits. We lay down and huddled together to keep warm, for, in spite of the mild climate, we were all chilled through, and our teeth chattered. If we turned over to rest in a new position, the tarred rope stuck to the skin. Altogether we were very miserable, but the sufferings of our shipmates, whom we were powerless to help, made our own troubles seem light. If the mainmast could only stand—and next to the foremast, we thought it had the chance—there was hope of escape, for probably the wind would go down at sunset. Twilight came; the gale only howled the more fiercely, and the terrible seas were reaching nearly to our retreat. We counted up that we had been about twenty-four hours without food; the pangs of

hunger were beginning to tell. Our spirits drooped, but we tried to keep up a cheerful conversation. Now and then some one would rise to a sitting position, look around at the same dreary waste, and then fall back with a sigh of disappointment. I remember Sergeant Coleman showing me a medal that he had saved—one that had been given him for bravery in the attack on the Korean forts. "It ain't much use just now," he said, with a doleful smile. No doubt he thought another dash over the rebel walls would be preferable to this helpless waiting.

Night fell; all movement on shore had ceased. Would the masts stand until morning? That was the question we were constantly asking one another. Suddenly Ripley called out, "The *Trenton's* drifting down upon us!" We scrambled to our feet and looked out into the night. There, to the windward of us, were the lights of the flagship; a few seconds later her long black hull loomed up; she looked as if she might pass ahead of us. In another instant she was coming right for our mainmast. We could see the white of her decks, the black triangles of her shrouds, and, as she drew nearer, the forms of the men in the rigging. Her condition seemed helpless; she would surely come crashing into us; our masts would go by the board; the mainmast would be the first to go. There was little time for deliberation. I crawled over to the port lubbers'-hole and let myself down through it. Sergeant Coleman and two other men followed me. The *Trenton* was now so close that we could almost jump on board. She formed a fender between us and the waves; so we hurried down the port main-rigging, slid by means of the pendant-tackles to the main-yard, felt our way along the yard-arm, and then some of the *Trenton's* crew, who had been anxiously watching our progress, hauled us on board.

"I am afraid you are out of the frying-pan into the fire," was the first remark that greeted me from one of the officers of the *Trenton*. He was wrapped in a blanket, and made a most dismal impression upon me. I heard the shouting of orders, and presently, with a crash, the *Vandalia's* mainmast fell to leeward. Then there was more shouting, and the sound of men jumping to the deck. The *Trenton* had grazed along the *Vandalia's* side and was abreast the mizzen-chains. Our men were quickly rescued, and the mizzen-mast, in turn, went by the board. In my wanderings around the deck I ran across Ensign Blandin, who told me that some of my messmates were down in the Admiral's cabin. He had been busy firing rockets to get a line over our foremast. From the position in which the *Trenton* lay, the foremast was uninjured, and the men upon it were the last to be rescued. All this time the *Trenton* was thumping away on the bottom, but the fact that I again had a solid deck beneath my feet made me for a time insensible to any further danger.

I wriggled down through a narrow opening left in the tarpaulin covering of the after-hatch, and went into the Admiral's cabin. Here I found Lieutenant Carlin, two cadets—Le Jeune and Stafford—who had been with him in the mizzentop, and Lieutenant Wilson. In reply to my anxious inquiries, they told me that Lieutenant-of-Marines Frank Sutton and Paymaster Arms, whom I had not seen after leaving the poop, had been drowned. Chief-Engineer Greene, Surgeon Harvey, Ensign Ripley, and Cadet Wiley were reported missing—their fate unknown. One by one, Lieutenant Culver, Lieutenant Heath, Past-Assistant-Engineer Webster, and Assistant-Surgeon Cordeire came into the cabin, each new arrival adding to our joy, and stimulating the hope that others had escaped. Ah Fat, the Admiral's steward, was kept busy serving out hardtack and grog, so that all hands were soon feeling comparatively comfortable. We began to talk over our experiences, oblivious to the savage pounding of the *Trenton* and the general disorder of our surroundings. The hurricane was blowing as strong as ever, and the battering seas were not losing any of their violence.

Lieutenant Carlin lay on a transom, wrapped in a blanket. In trying to help Captain Schoonmaker into the mizzen-rigging, he had been swept down through the cabin skylight, and had narrowly escaped drowning; all of his clothing had been stripped from him, and he was badly bruised. In this condition he had been clinging to the mizzen-rigging for eight hours, and when rescued was completely exhausted. Near him on another transom was Lieutenant Wilson, weak and faint. He had been with me in the maintop. When I went down the port rigging Wilson, Heath, and Ripley started down the other side. Seeing that I had succeeded in getting to the *Trenton*, Wilson and Heath tried to cross over, underneath the top, to the port rigging. Heath was successful, but Wilson fell into the water. He clutched at the jacob-ladder that ran up and down the after-part of the mainmast, and managed to keep his head above water, shouting all the time for help. A Japanese steward, Hachitaro by name, seeing Wilson's predicament, climbed over the stern of the *Trenton* with a rope's end, and succeeded in getting him on board just before the mainmast fell. Lieutenant Culver, whom I had last seen crouching in the fore-rigging, was also nearly knocked out, and Dr. Cordeire had a badly sprained ankle. The rest of us were stiff and sore, and we stretched out wherever we could find a dry place in the cabin. At one time Admiral Kimberly came in to say a cheerful word, and Heath amused us by greeting him with, "Excuse us, Admiral, for receiving you in undress."

About midnight reports came down from deck that there were signs of the gale breaking up, and at daylight we got the news that two boats, manned by natives, had reached the ship and taken lines ashore. We had breakfast in the wardroom of the *Trenton*, and were fitted out with dry clothes. Surgeon Harvey appeared about this time, much to every one's surprise. He said that when he had reached the *Trenton's* deck, the night before, he was so weak that he had fallen down and rolled into the weather-scuppers, where, half conscious, he remained unnoticed until daylight. The *Vandalia* survivors were sent ashore in boats, one division at a time, and established in barracks. One of the first persons I met on the beach was Ensign Ripley, whom I had last seen climbing down the starboard main-rigging. He had been washed into the sea before the mast fell, had drifted inshore, and was picked up by Lieutenant Sherman and Ensign Purcell, officers of the *Nipsic*, who had happened to be patrolling the beach at the very point where he was cast up, face downward and half drowned. Ripley told me that Chief-Engineer Greene and Cadet Wiley had also been saved. Soon afterwards I met Wiley, and heard from him his terrible experiences after we had parted company at the main-rigging—how he had been hurled around and sucked down by the current, and had brought up alongside the *Nipsic*; how he had clung to a stay for some time, yelling for help whenever he could get his head above water; how he had let go and sunk, coming up again abreast of a floating ladder, which he grabbed at wildly, and was floated near some natives, who formed a line into the water by holding on to one another's hands, and hauled him in as he drifted by. His rescue and that of Chief-Engineer Greene seemed nothing short of miraculous.

The harbor, as viewed from the shore that morning, was as peaceful as a coral atoll. In the foreground was a piece of the *Eber's* bow, the gilded scroll-work of the figure-head glistening in the sun. A little farther out the foremast and forecastle of the *Vandalia* alone showed above the water, and rising like a black barrier beyond her was the broken-backed *Trenton*. The Admiral's flag was still flying from the mizzen, and the band was playing a lively air. To the left, thrown so far back upon the reef that she appeared as if hove down from the shore, lay the *Adler*, the greenish copper of her sheathed bottom broken by black patches, and an ugly hole in the stern showing where her rudder had been wrenched off. To the right the *Nipsic* and the *Olga* still had their noses in the sand. Our stars and stripes and the black eagle of Germany were floating in the breeze, boats were running to and fro, and the well-filled clothes-lines of the *Olga*, stretching from mast to mast, showed how quickly her crew had taken up the ordinary routine. Here and there the masts and other wreckage of merchant-vessels and small schooners bore silent evidence of the havoc that had been wrought by the storm. The murmur of the surf from a lazy swell, and the whisper of a light breeze in the palm-trees, were all that remained of the furies with which we had battled for two days.

On the last day of March, two weeks after the wreck, a Pacific mail-steamer that had been intercepted on her way south by Lieutenant Wilson—he had taken passage on her for Auckland, New Zealand, in search of a relief vessel—stopped off the harbor long enough to take on board our sick and wounded, thirty-five in number, and then proceeded north. On the 29th of April the chartered steamer *Rockton*, in charge of Lieutenant Wilson, arrived from Auckland, and the remainder of the *Vandalia's* survivors, together with some of the *Trenton's* officers and crew embarked for San Francisco, reaching there on the 20th of May—only four months after the time that the *Vandalia* had sailed on her disastrous mission. Lieutenant Heath died of pneumonia shortly after our arrival. Within a year another name was added to the death-roll, that of Surgeon Harvey, whose health had been completely shattered at Apia. Our total loss amounted to forty-five—six officers and thirty-nine men.

Lieutenant John H. Gibbons, U.S.N.

A STORM ETCHING.

NANTUCKET.

The bleak wind blows upon the sullen shore;
The breakers rush and roar.

The churlish storm king in his anger sweeps
Across the seething deeps.

And o'er the moors the tempest flies and moans
In brusque discordant tones.

The sparse trees bend beneath the mighty gale
And in their anguish wail.

Cloud-tossed and buffeted above the sea,
In wild exultant glee,

A streak of silver in the leaden sky,
A swift gull flashes by.

R. K. Munkittrick.

SECRETARY GAGE AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

Secretary Lyman J. Gage is making an earnest effort to solve in the Treasury Department, in a practical way, the ever-present civil service reform question. What he is doing represents a sane endeavor to inform the administration of the civil service law with the spirit of the men at whose instance it was passed. I do not say of the men who passed it, because the civil service law occupies the unique position of finding its chief support at the hands of the men who like it least. That fact could be demonstrated conclusively by a hundred instances of the attitude of Congressmen toward the administration of the law. But their opposition has seldom been open. Few, indeed, have had the courage to identify themselves with even such specious plans for the modification of the law as that proposed by Representative Grosvenor of Ohio recently. Hating the law vigorously, members of both Houses have helped to swell the majority which declares at each session of Congress in its favor.

Mr. Gage is a friend of civil service reform because, as the manager of a large banking establishment in Chicago, he learned that efficiency is the safest guide to promotion or to continued employment. In his banking establishment Mr. Gage showed no favoritism in choosing employés. He hired men who could show their fitness for the work, and promoted those who showed exceptional aptitude and capacity. Most of Mr. Gage's predecessors were professional men. Probably that is the reason why business considerations had smaller weight with them in governing the working force of the department. Whatever the cause, none of them seems to have made such a careful effort to live up to the spirit of the civil service law as Mr. Gage is making now.

Soon after he came into the control of the Treasury Department, Mr. Gage found that most of his visitors were persons who wanted men or women appointed to office or old clerks retained. He found that he was expected to discover inefficiency in the Democrats employed in the office, and to reinstate, as far as possible, the Republicans who had been removed from place in the last administration. In part to relieve himself of the burden of these applications for appointment, Mr. Gage appointed a commission, composed of Frank A. Vanderlip (now Assistant Secretary of the Treasury), the Chief Clerk, and the Appointment Clerk of the department, to consider the reorganization of the department's clerical force. This commission was instructed to disregard partisanship.

At about the same time the Secretary suggested to the President the order relative to removals from office, which was issued from the White House soon afterward. This order Mr. Gage put into effect immediately (it remained a dead letter in the other departments for a time), issuing instructions that no removal should be made without charges; and of these charges the clerk was to have full notice, with opportunity to file an answer. The Secretary had it made known throughout the department, however, that the order guaranteed retention to no one who was not competent and faithful.

The commission appointed by the Secretary found itself confronted by a serious problem at the outset. A large number of veterans were clamoring for reinstatement. The law expressly exempts them from the time limitation. Popular sentiment seemed to be behind them, and Congressional influence naturally followed it. The commission would have liked to reinstate the veterans immediately, but it had to consider two things—the question of vacancies and the competence of the applicants. As for the vacancies, public sentiment would have justified the Secretary in creating them by removing the men who had replaced the veterans in some preceding administration. The veterans expected him to do this. They felt a proprietary interest in their old places. Mr. Gage, however, was not willing to displace any one without cause, and he made a ruling that no one should be removed merely to make room for a veteran, whether he was a Democrat or a Republican—that all removals, in short, should conform to the President's order, and be made only on proved or undefended charges of incompetency. So, at the outset, places were found for only a third of the veterans, and these were selected from the men who were not superannuated.

The problem of superannuation was one which confronted Mr. Gage and his commission very soon after the work of reorganization began. The commission found that promotion all through the department was blocked by an accumulation of clerks sixty, seventy, and eighty years of age. Some of the old clerks were competent to perform the work for which they were paid; most of them had outgrown their usefulness. The same condition had existed for half a century, and in all that time sentimentalism had kept the superannuated clerks on the pay-roll. Secretary Gage devised and put into execution a plan for relieving the department of this dead-weight, grown with the expansion of the department to very large proportions. He established a "roll of honor," to which he is transferring all clerks who have grown too old to perform the duties of their positions. The salaries of these clerks are being reduced to the minimum, $900 a year, and the very lightest labor is required of them. Their reduction has opened an opportunity for the promotion of younger and more active men, and these opportunities for promotion, Mr. Gage believes, will be an incentive to the younger clerks.

Mr. Gage's commission, in this and in all its work, has had in view this one idea, that the Secretary desired to put the best men in the most responsible positions, the men of less capacity and perhaps of less experience in positions not so important, and yet to get rid of any drones the department might hold. As one means to the attainment of this end, the commission has instituted competitive examinations between chiefs of divisions and their subordinates to prove their relative competency for the higher position, and in many cases the chief has been reduced and the subordinate advanced. This has amounted in some instances to the restoration of a deposed chief of some past administration, whose many years of service in executive position gave him an advantage over the man whom some recent administration had appointed to his place. Secretary Gage has faith in the value of experience, and he esteems as beyond measure the services of some of the older officials who have been an active part of the life of the department for twenty years or more.

The men reinstated in important positions have been, for the most part, Republicans, but their politics have not been known to the examiners who considered them for promotion; and one of the most important advances made was that of a Democrat who had come into the department originally through one of the excepted places, and who therefore was not even a civil service appointee.

Mr. Gage believes that when the Treasury was put under civil service rules every man employed in the department should have been required to pass the examination and qualify for the place he held. He does not consider it practicable to require this now. Besides, most of the clerks have passed some examination, if only for promotion, and they may be said to have qualified, at least in a degree. The examination for promotion, however, has not been as practical as Mr. Gage's commission thought it should be, so it has been revised. Its chief feature formerly was a series of "department questions," which any one who had had a few months' experience in the department work could answer without difficulty. These questions the commission abolished, and with the assistance of Theo. L. De Land, an expert from the Civil Service Commission, they made up a new list of questions. This list contains a novel feature—a series of questions based on Treasury affairs, such as, "What is bimetallism?" "What is meant by the free coinage of silver?" and the like. These questions are based on the theory that any employé of the department should have an interest in the department's business beyond the particular set of books he is keeping or the bureau in which he is employed. Of these questions the one which has proved the greatest stumbling-block to the clerks is, "Where does the government get its money?" Most of the clerks have an innocent notion that when the government wants money it simply prints it and puts it in circulation.

Another practical feature of the new examination is to require a clerk to brief the correspondence in a case taken from the department files. Another is to give the clerk the correspondence in a case, and require him to write a final letter for the Secretary's signature, reviewing the case from the beginning and closing it.

The commission has found a woful lack of interest and knowledge in government affairs among the clerks thus far examined, and its members believe that the material with which they have to deal is far from promising; but a beginning must be made somewhere, and they think that if the civil service law is strictly and intelligently administered, and tenure of office and promotion are known to depend on efficiency, a class of more ambitious young men will be attracted to the service.

George Grantham Bain.

A HOLIDAY IN A LOGGING-CAMP.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

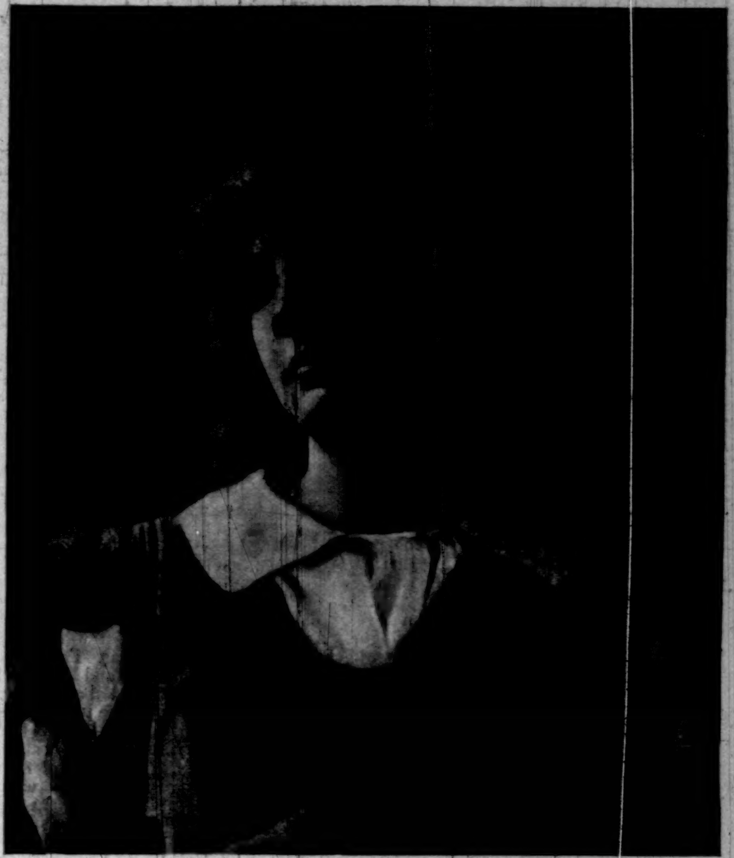
THE DRAMA.

THE celebrated drama by the elder Dumas, entitled "Kean, or Genius Disordered," has been given in New York within the memory of play-goers by no means old, and to these the new version which Mr. Charles Coghlan is now presenting at the Fifth Avenue Theatre offers material for many a suggestive contrast. Mr. Coghlan has been ruthless with the original work, but he is too practised a craftsman not to have concealed his ravages, and replaced what he has taken away by excellent material of his own. Indeed, so free from even the hint of translation is "The Royal Box" that it might easily pass for an original work by an exceptionally clever dramatist.

The hero of the new version is no longer "Kean," but *James Clarence*, an actor, at the height of his popularity in London early in the present century. He loves and is loved by the *Countess Helen*, wife of the Swedish ambassador, who is also admired by the *Prince of Wales*. While playing in the balcony scene of "Romeo and Juliet," *Clarence*, frantic with jealousy on seeing the *Prince* with the *Countess* in the royal box, bursts into wild denunciation, and the scene terminates in confusion. The *Countess*, thinking that her idol has hopelessly fallen, treats him with contempt. The *Prince*, however, forgives him, and *Clarence* turns for consolation to *Miss Pryce*, the worshipping young girl, with an ambition to become an actress, whom he has befriended, and to a new career in America.

In spite of this simple plot, the drama has serious faults of construction, and the scene where *Clarence* denounces the *Prince*, though intensely interesting both from its dramatic value and its novelty—one of the stage-boxes being used as part of the representation—gives an effect of artificiality which in the other scenes the adapter very skilfully avoided. The characters, however, are drawn so admirably and are so cleverly interpreted, and the dialogue is so spontaneous, with hardly a suggestion of striving for "literary" polish at the expense of naturalness, that the production deserves to be placed among the few genuinely artistic successes of the season.

A piece much less fine might have been made acceptable by such acting as Mr. Coghlan's in the rôle of *Clarence*. Indeed, it is seldom that such acting is ever seen, and if Mr. Coghlan had done nothing else, it would establish him as one of the greatest of living players. In recent years his appearances in this country have been in parts that gave him scope for only the quiet acting in which he is supposed to be at his best. As *Clarence*, however, he had some very vigorous work to do, and he did it superbly. The whole impersonation was, in fact, sustained with fine intelligence, discretion, and power. The sweetness and the ingenuousness of *Miss Pryce* were very beautifully interpreted by Miss Grace Filkins, and Miss Elizabeth Garth made a most picturesque figure as the *Countess*.



ADA REHAN AS *ROSALIND* IN "AS YOU LIKE IT."

SCENE FROM ACT IV. OF "THE ROYAL BOX," CHARLES COGHLAN'S NEW PLAY, AS PERFORMED AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, NEW YORK.

After Miss Rehan's preliminary performances in the "Taming of the Shrew," and after the production of "Number Nine," Mr. Daly's season may be said to be well established. Miss Rehan is at present appearing in the revival of "As You Like It." In this comedy she does some of her best work, giving expression to the exquisite sense of humor and to the abounding spirit that make her acting so vital and delightful. Later in the season Mr. Daly is to make a production of "The Merchant of Venice," with Miss Rehan as *Portia*—a part for which she is thoroughly qualified. It is to be hoped that before long New York may have opportunities to see her in the heavier Shakespearian rôles as well.

If "The Nancy Hanks," by Frank Tannehill, Jr., recently produced at the Garden Theatre, were given at one of the cheaper play-houses it might have a fair success. It is a noisy farce of the kind that used to be popular ten years ago, but, so far as reasonable theatre-goers are concerned, has passed wholly out of fashion. It served, however, to introduce some very clever performers, among them Miss Marie Jansen, who acted with her usual vivacity, and sang, as usual, out of tune.

The recent great success of "An American Citizen" at the Knickerbocker Theatre kept Mr. N. C. Goodwin from producing in New York Mr. Clyde Fitch's new play, "Nathan Hale," and it will be given in Chicago next month. It is understood to be serious in treatment, with a last act that is positively harrowing, and it will afford Mr. Goodwin an opportunity to display his abilities in a new field. For the past few seasons this actor has shown an ambition to turn from the farces in which he won his early popularity, and to do genuinely artistic work, and also to encourage American playwrights. With some of his ventures, notably his production of that admirable drama "In Mizzoura," by Augustus Thomas, he has not received the support that he deserved, and it is a matter for great congratulation that so clever and delightful a play as his latest production has won a popular success.

In addition to "Nathan Hale," Mr. Fitch has another play ready for production. It will be presented in Philadelphia in February by Mr. Herbert Kelcey and by Miss Effie Shannon, and for one of the rôles Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne has been engaged. Before making her reputation as a reader, Mrs. Le Moyne had considerable experience as an actress. She is undoubtedly the greatest living interpreter of Browning, and with her extraordinary gift for characterization and for expressing powerful emotion she could, if the opportunity presented itself, do notable work in the legitimate drama. There is no actress now on the stage so well equipped to play such a part as *Lady Macbeth*, for example. Mrs. Le Moyne has also a gift for comedy, which she has frequently displayed in her readings. It will be interesting to see what kind of rôle has been assigned to her in Mr. Fitch's comedy.

In looking back on the dramas produced in New York during the past year one is impressed by the poverty of good work that they have shown. So few have been worthy of serious consideration that they might be very briefly enumerated. Among the serious dramas, Mr. Lorimer Stoddard's version of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" stands easily first. Though by no means free from faults of construction, it is, on the whole, a powerful work, dramatic, coherent, with delightful touches of comedy, and with sharply defined characterizations. It has placed Mr. Stoddard in the first rank among our dramatists. Another interesting figure that has been conspicuous during the year is Mrs. Madeleine Lucette Ryley, who has produced no less than three plays, all of them containing good work, and two of them achieving unmistakable successes. "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle," first produced by a specially organized company at the Lyceum Theatre, though decidedly mixed in the local color, being curiously sug-

gestive of English life where it was supposed to be American, was still very ingeniously devised, and full of amusing situations and sparkling dialogue. "A Coat of Many Colors" gave evidence of less ingenuity, and exploited a rather clumsy story, but the gift for dialogue was most cleverly displayed. In "An American Citizen" Mrs. Ryley may be said to have "found herself." It is one of the best American comedies ever written by a woman. Mrs. Ryley is already a very important personage among our dramatists, and much more good work may be expected from her. Success in quite another field was won by the adaptation of "Under the Red Robe," which reproduced the movement and the color of that popular romance. It can hardly be taken seriously, however, and it is interesting chiefly as an expression of the present craze for romantic melodrama. This craze, by-the-way, has brought into the theatre some distressingly bad work exemplified by Mr. Louis N. Parker's "Change Alley," which went so far beyond public endurance that even Mr. Sothern's popularity could not give it more than a very brief run. Since the beginning of the present season we have had several plays of such merit that the season is likely to be particularly brilliant in the history of the New York stage. These include Mr. Bernard Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple," Mr. Sidney Grundy's adaptation from Dumas *père*, "A Marriage of Convenience," and Mr. Coghlan's recent production. Great success has been won by Mrs. Burnett's "A Lady of Quality," which happened to appeal to the weaknesses as well as to the tastes of the public, by Mr. J. M. Barrie's comedy "The Little Minister," which is clever enough for popularity, but not clever enough to be compared with Mr. Barrie's best, and by Mr. A. W. Pinero's "The Princess and the Butterfly," a novelty, depending for success largely on its "smart" dialogue. Among the actors two changes are worthy of record. By her performance of "Tess," Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, whose genius years ago won recognition from the few, but was ignored by the many, succeeded at last in winning the favor of the great public, and Miss Maude Adams, in the rôle of *Babbie* in "The Little Minister," made one of the most successful débuts as a "star" in the record of the stage.

JOHN D. BARRY.

THE RULING DYNASTY OF CHINA.

To the average person in the Occident, Japan is the embodiment of all things fickle, and China the emblem of immovability. The one seems the weather-cock and the other the spire. In the matter of dynasties, however, Japan is the unchanging and the unchangeable, while China is the vane that veers. Japan has had one dynasty of imperial rulers; her line of emperors is (sentimentally) nearly 2600 years old, and, adding mythology and history together, is "unbroken from ages eternal." As historic fact, from the dawn of history the Mikados have ruled Japan, the present Emperor, Mutsuhito, being the 123d.

On the contrary, China has had no fewer than thirty-three or thirty-four distinct dynasties. It is true that not all of these have been orthodox or recognized, and that the strict historians reduce the number to twenty-six; yet, on the whole, it is probable that no country on earth has been subject to so many conquests, revolutions, and dynastic changes. The one thing unshaken is the Chinese social system, which, with its amazing language, seems to be the solvent of all foreign elements entering into the body-politic. The language is the *aqua-regia* in which all baser metals disappear. Or, to change the metaphor, the Chinese social structure is the rock amid the waves of dynastic and political change. The people have a theory that rotation in office is a good thing even for their emperors, and that a dynasty *ought* to change every two or three hundred years. This opinion is tenaciously held and deeply rooted. Its expression, often in violent outbursts, takes forms but little noted or understood by foreigners, yet they are none the less real. Whether the dynasty be native or foreign, it makes little difference. After a certain period, as Chinese history shows, the dynasty must get up and go; or, as we say, must step "down and out."

Signs are not wanting that another repetition of history is at hand. The present occupant of the Dragon Throne and his predecessors came, as nearly all the foreign dynasties of the Middle Kingdom have come, from the North. They are Tartars or Manchus, and as such they are cordially hated by a large part of the Chinese people, notwithstanding that sentimentally the emperor is the People's Father, the Son of Heaven, the Potentate of All under Heaven, etc., etc. The Manchus do not number over five or six millions, yet they keep the Chinese Empire, with its four hundred or more millions of souls, under their control. In one sense they are like the British in India: they hold the chief offices, get the lion's share of political and pecuniary remuneration, compose the garrisons, and, by wisely adapting themselves to indigenous circumstances, they have undoubtedly given China as good a government as any of the native dynasties have done in the past. The natural tendencies of Chinamen are eminently peaceful; they have a distaste for war and for athletic sports and exercises; they delight in literary dalliance, and soon yield to luxury and enervation. Time and again, in the past, fierce hordes out of the North have rolled down upon the fertile plains and into the warm river valleys of China. Intermingling with the conquered people, they have thus stiffened and toughened the amalgam of Chinese humanity. Judging from the witness of history, the "Sons of Han," when left to themselves, remind one of those funny little spoons of Professor Pepper. Made of bismuth and lead, these dissolve into liquid as soon as one stirs up the hot tea in which they are put. Left in the cup, they disappear from sight. The Northern or Tartar element forms with the Chinese an alloy that toughens and hardens.

The keen-eyed student, whether visiting the legation at Washington or studying the Chinese at home, quickly discriminates between the Manchu and the Chinaman. One need not expect to find this difference in Mott Street or in the laundries or in San Francisco; for, with very rare exceptions, *all* the Chinese immigrants in the United States come from one little region, around and in the rear of Canton, which in area is probably not larger than that of Connecticut. In a word, ours are southeastern Chinamen.

The Manchu, first of all, has a restless eye. This, like the Japanese, is often brilliant and piercing. His cheekbones are high; his complexion is dark and rough; he has a long head and face, and a mouth too big to be called beautiful even by a Mongolian. His nose is, Orientally speaking, a striking figure. His jaws are long, thin, and strong. His general expression, despite his polish and unquestioned intellectual power, suggests the scarcely restrained fierceness of the desert rover. The Chinaman, on the contrary, is round and chubby. He is fat and unwrinkled, with a rich creamy complexion that many an American lady might envy. His hands and feet are delicate and plump. In disposition, as in queue, he is well oiled. He is a richly dressed creature, always polite and smiling. He is very apt to be perfumed, and to be well loaded with jade gems and jewelry. All of these, however, do not conceal a potency of cruelty that may be quite equal to that of the Manchu. Outside of a certain routine of pedantry, a political procedure that is wholly built on precedent, the native statesmen are not given to directness or practicality. Indeed, when we study the Chinese dynasties, they remind us wonderfully of the old Bourbons and Stuarts of Europe, while the Manchus have at least a genius for direction and practical activity, withal being "the most improvable race in Asia."

The Manchu dynasty originated in the northern regions beyond the long White Mountains of Korea, in the river valleys tributary to the great Amur. The hordes which gathered themselves under the chieftains of the fifteenth century—posthumously honored as "emperors"—formed but one of many overflows from that geyser-spring of nations. Pretty is the legend of the virgin bathing in the Crystal Lake and the magpie dropping the red fruit upon her robes, she therefrom conceiving and giving birth to the founder of the Golden Dynasty. The heaven-born warrior united the tribes of these great grassy plains. These Northern horsemen rolled down over Manchuria and Korea. In 1625 they made Mukden their capital, and there gathered their strength, until, with a cavalry force perhaps never equalled in the world, except by their predecessors the Mongols of the thirteenth century, they and their allies brought all China into subjection. The badge of conquest which they compelled the conquered to adopt was the queue, or pigtail, which all loyal Chinese to-day wear. To cut off the queue is an insult to the Manchu dynasty.

The first century of Manchu rule is eminently praiseworthy for public improvements, literary enterprise, and consolidation of the resources of the empire. But then, as had happened again and again before, the Chinese social system was like the heated crucible, that quickly turns the cold scraps of metal into a common fluid. The conquerors were absorbed in the conquered. Released from their hard campaigns, enervated by peace, having no literature worthy of the name—nearly all Manchu books being literal translations from Chinese—they soon lost their language and many of their ancestral traits. Hundreds of thousands of these descendants of nomads are as changed from the ancestral original as are the Englishmen of monocle, yellow gaiters, and portable bath-tubs from the wild Saxon pirates of forgotten centuries.

The second century of Manchu rule slipped quietly away with little of interest to any one outside of China or the Chinese world. It was from the opening of this nineteenth century the troubles of the Peking rulers with the outside barbarians really began. So long as the foreigner appeared, or could be made to appear, as vassal or tribute-bringer, there seemed no danger. What mattered it if the long duel between Tartar and Cossack on the north went steadily on until the lances of the Czar's rough riders camped on the Amur? What if British arms were humbling India, besides dispossessing the French and Dutch? Were not the western mountains still "walled up to heaven," and the ocean a sufficient barrier? Were not the pupil and vassal nations still faithful with their reverence or tribute?

Suddenly there came "a great blue sea of troubles." Opium which enervated, steam navigation which annihilated distance, wars in which the thrust was deeper than a pin-prick, spoiled the map of somnolent China, and gave the Peking mandarins occasional fits of insomnia. After two opium wars which France and England had been impolite enough to wage, with the after-math of fines, indemnities, with the looting and destruction of the imperial palace, and an island seized for permanent occupation, Russia, heretofore smiling and apparently pliable, showed her real purpose. Ignatieff won a bloodless diplomatic victory, shearing off a piece of territory as large as France, and making Russia's frontier at the Amur and the Tumen, thus joining her borders to those of Korea, later compelling Japan to give her the whole island of Saghalin.

Still worse, making a long story short, the historian tells of the utter collapse of the suzerain and vassal system. Burmah, now British territory, and Siam, practically a French protectorate, were among the first to weaken ancient bonds. France stepped in and took Tong-king and Annam. Then Japan, formerly a pupil, gave the worst blow of all in 1894 by showing how a well-prepared warlike nation, with a population no greater than one of the eighteen provinces of China, could, in less than a year, conquer a territory larger than its own, sweep off the whole Chinese fleet and her modern fortifications, and threaten the capital, besides severing Korea from the system, and following the example of Russia, England, and France in helping to dismember the colossus of nations, seizing Formosa. Last of all Germany, long crouching, has made the spring, and now holds prey. In Confucius's own province of Shan-tung, the most sacred one of all the eighteen, a handful of troops put to flight the peaceful sons of Han, and now seems most emulous of imitating the other powers that have each carved its slice. To-day the gathering of fleets and armies in the Yellow Sea reminds one of the proverb of the carcass and the eagles.

Whither and to whom shall the dynasty and the nation now turn for help? Within there is no unity. What can a boneless giant lacking nerves do? There are millions who would gladly see the Tartar dynasty in Peking overthrown. "New China" is but the label of a small and as yet insignificant party. "Old China" has certainly *not* learned the lesson which the war with Japan ought to have taught. The books of travellers, and such data as we can gather from missionaries, the Anglo-Chinese newspapers, and, more than all, the Chinese official publications, show that little or nothing has been attempted in the way of serious reform by the government since 1895—the war of *two or three Chinese provinces* with united Japan.

What, then, shall China do? Western European nations—England, France, Germany—are all anxious to force their trade and manufactures upon the Middle Kingdom. So also is Japan; but it is to Japan's benefit that China remain intact, and the Chinese develop their own resources. Even more does Russia wish the development of China—of course under Russian auspices—for with its railroads the Muscovites have the unique opportunity of standing as the link between China and Europe for the mutual exchange of commodities. Russia has the greatest advantage of all. She has profited most by previous wars, and in every case she moves slowly and surely. It seems intrinsically probable that Russia will win most in the game. She has already made Korea practically a Russian protectorate.

But the situation is complicated. Japan has a bitter grudge against Russia, and will probably join with England to check Russia's advance in Korea, and may call a halt to Russian ambition. It is even possible, but not likely, that Japanese officers may drill Chinese soldiers to resist the Russian advance. What combinations are yet to be made only the future can show.

Meanwhile the dynasty is in danger. More than once have native Chinese tried to overthrow their Manchu conquerors, the Tai-ping rebellion being the attempt best known to the outside world. The Mohammedan population is large and hostile. The great argument of Japanese radical writers in 1895 was that on account of her inward weakness China is a permanent disturber of the peace and a menace to civilization, and that until she inaugurates thorough-going reforms the murders of missionaries will be constant and the outbreaks of rebellion chronic. Evidently Kaiser Wilhelm has become a convert to this doctrine, which doubtless has some truth in it.

Those who hold to the right of every nation to work out its own salvation will grieve to see this venerable body-politic carved up by a plundering nation, even under the pretext of civilization or religion. They will hope to see the Chinese people attempt their own reformation. Who wishes to see a Russian-German-French-British-Japanese "joint occupation" or "protectorate" or "dismemberment" of the great nation, which, with all the faults and diseases of senility, has been a power for light, learning, and civilization for all Asia east of the Ganges? May we not hope "that the regeneration of China will be accomplished, like the operation of leaven in meal, without shattering the vessel"?

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

JAMES A. McNEILL WHISTLER.

VERY rare is the artist with personality so strong and so individual in its expression that the accident of his domicile counts for nothing. But such a one is James McNeill Whistler. He is eminently a cosmopolitan in art. It may count for a good deal that he is a son of Massachusetts, for something that he was educated at West Point, and studied art under Gleyre in Paris, but apparently for nothing that his manhood has been divided between London and Paris. They have not influenced him. It is in the direction of Velasquez and Japanese art that one must look for sources of any outside impressions. But for the most part his work, whether in oil, water-color, pastel, crayon, or etching, reflects one man—Whistler.

His is a personality of extraordinary interest, exhausting a whole gamut of characteristics, from devilry up to subtlest spirituality. Perhaps the simplest analysis of this complex equipment is to regard it as a dual nature, compounded of the artist and the man. The real Whistler is the artist, made known by his works; the man of the world, the cynic, wit, and caustic writer, is the artificial shell which surrounds the other. It is not unusual to find a man of tenderest emotions erecting round them a breastwork of coarser material to keep an unsympathetic world from prying too freely upon his secret self. Whistler had much need of self-protection. That part of him which a true man in any walk of life holds most sacred, his ideal, was one that very few at first could understand. He had no one to interpret him, as Ruskin did Turner, and a sensitive man cannot interpret himself. So he met the ridicule and satire of the world not by sulking or bowing to it, but with the world's own weapons, only that in his hands they were more finely tempered.

The difficulty of appreciating much of Whistler's work is due to our tendency to try to translate all art into words. "What is it all about—what does it mean?" But we do not ask such questions about a delicious scent, which makes a subtle appeal to our sense of smell; nor of one of Chopin's nocturnes, which speaks directly to our ear in its own language. Why, then, may not a painter blend color, as a musician blends sound, to express something which cannot be adequately put into words, and call it, for lack of a better term, "a symphony in color"? or veil his colors in that mysterious luminous shade night flings over nature, and call it a nocturne? We enjoy the fragrance of the scent without putting it into words—why may not our sense of sight be delighted by abstract colors? If we cannot always feel this delight, it may be due to want of color-training, or of the habit of feeling color in the abstract, and the painter is entitled to the benefit of the doubt.

The strangest thing is that critics were slow to see the beauty of his etchings. Perhaps it was because they were not "finished pictures" in the popular sense, and so the artist seemed a poser or a trifler. But Whistler does not propose to himself the making of pictures in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Color and line and form are to him the means of expressing some beauty that he sees or imagines; and just as a man who has an absolute command of words, knowing not only their value but their limitations, will be satisfied to make his utterance suggestive, when more elaboration would only render it involved, so Whistler's rule is, "Never carry a medium further than it will go." His later etchings have comparatively few lines, but each one epitomizes the observation and experience of years of study, and the spectator must be wanting in imagination who cannot feel the atmosphere or distance or whatever it is which the line was meant to suggest.

The accompanying portrait by Jean Boldini depicts only Whistler's outer side. Sympathetically attracted by the splendid audacity of his sitter, the painter has exaggerated the nervous and muscular tension until the picture is perilously near a caricature.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

AN INTERESTING DETAIL.

By order of General Miles, Lieutenant Guy H. Preston, of the Ninth Cavalry, proceeds to Alaska in charge of all the pack-trains of the army.

I do not know that this distinguished duty conferred on Lieutenant Preston is a direct recognition of his heroism at the Wounded Knee fight, but certainly it recalls it.

He was with the Seventh Cavalry because he was in command of some of Taylor's Indian scouts. The fight had simmered down from a desperate hand-to-hand encounter at the outset to a desultory skirmish up the ravine, where surviving Indians had sheltered under the "cut-banks," and were doing damage to the troops.

LIEUTENANT GUY H. PRESTON, U.S.A.

The commanding officer desired to send a despatch to General Brooks at the Agency, acquainting him with the details of the engagement and the crippled condition of his force. After hastily preparing the missive, the Colonel looked hesitatingly about him at the officers standing near, and his gaze fell on the scout officer. He asked him "if he supposed he could get the despatch to General Brooks," and the young officer said, "I could try, sir."

The country was full of Indians, and the news of the unlooked-for engagement was travelling all over the Sioux country as fast as ponies could run, so it was exceedingly problematical as to whether he could get over the intervening eighteen miles alive.

The Colonel gave him the message, and directed him to select the fastest and best horse on the lines, and go quickly. At the picket-lines he called for the best horse there, and the soldiers gathered about to canvass the subject. There was one big bay celebrated for long-distance running. He was stripped of all surplus accoutrements. Then the Lieutenant called the soldiers who were about to come to him, and there stated his business, warning them of its danger, and asking for one volunteer. A soldier named Fellman stepped out, saying, "I will go with you, Lieutenant." He was told to strip himself and horse, which he quickly did. While this momentary wait was in progress Preston saw Captain Garlington lying there wounded, and running over, wrote a short telegram to his friends, and shaking his good arm, bade him good-by.

The Lieutenant and Fellman mounted and galloped off on the dangerous duty, while up the ravine the last scattering shots of a celebrated affair came to their ears. The soldier had a carbine and Preston a six-shooter. They skirted the half-acre of dead, wounded, and dying people where the brunt of the fight had been, hoping to get to the Fast-Horse Road, which made it only fifteen miles to the Agency. There they met Baptiste Garnier, or "Little Bat," the famous scout, with his comrades, who asked the Lieutenant where he was going. He told him; but the scout entreated him "for God's sake not to do that—that the Indians at the Agency, including Short Bull's band, just coaxed in from the Bad Lands, would hear of the fight from deserting Indian scouts before the Lieutenant's horse could get there, if they had not already heard. He assured the officer that they would all come skimming down the Fast-Horse Road to participate in the fight or to cut off any small bodies of troops, and told him he would run into them and be killed beyond the shadow of a doubt. He insisted that Preston go up the creek and take the Freight Road," which he did, thereby escaping what we now know was certain death.

The two soldiers then started on the dead run—good horses, a crisp day, and a known road. It was a ride for life. Preston put the despatch in the breast pocket of his blouse, telling Fellman, if he was potted, to take the paper and go on.

Twice at high points on the Freight Road they saw Indians in bands going to the Wounded Knee on the Fast-Horse Road, where they shortly after attacked Captain Jackson's detached force. Once the Indians saw the two straining troopers, and took "across lots" after them; but they soon discovered that the soldiers had the lead, the inside track, and the best horses; still they gave them a good race for a long distance.

Any one who has ever ridden will know that eighteen miles is a very long road at the top pace; and the Lieutenant arrived at the Agency limits in one hour, but that was some little distance from the soldier camp. The horses were "weaving" badly and staggering. The ride was made by taking the gallop up straight inclines, fast trot if steep, and the dead run (to spur) if down hill, no matter how steep or gentle, thereby making all the heavy gains in time by the down-hill work.

The hills outside of the soldier pickets were full of mounted Indians, but, with a final spurt, the two brave men went through and reached the General's tent. Here Fellman fell from his horse in a dead faint, but the first news of the Wounded Knee came in.

Such things and taking mules to the arctic regions are soldiering. Between Ringold and the Klondike, an officer hesitates between spending his money for Esquimau furs or India-silk pajamas.

FREDERIC REMINGTON.

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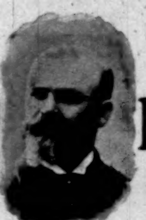

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Some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the Pabst Brewing Co., manufacturers of
Pabst Malt Extract,
The "BEST" Tonic,
when the fact is known that this Company has paid in revenue taxes to the Government of the United States, a sum equivalent to the total salaries of all the Presidents from George Washington to William McKinley, and in addition, a sum sufficient to compensate each President at $50,000 per year for the next 100 years.
Merit in the Pabst product has made this possible.
BINNER CHICAGO

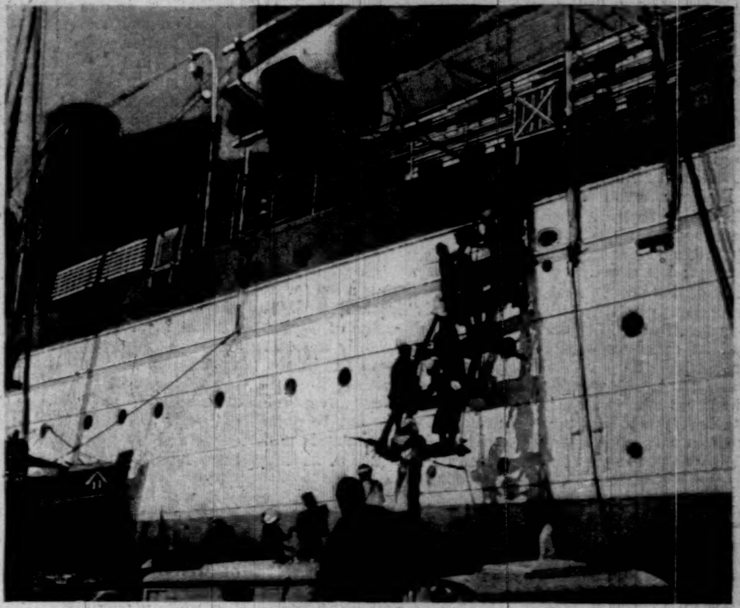
THE INDUSTRIAL MOVEMENT IN JAPAN.

BY CASPAR WHITNEY.

To whoso goes to Japan with a fresh mind there is abundant material in the country and in the people that is curious, interesting, instructive. Before the recent war between Japan and China, Japan was underrated; since the conclusion of that one-sided affair Japan has been very much overrated. And Japan is sure to suffer more or less seriously from the reaction which invariably follows close upon a superinflation of values and a superabundant confidence in a self-ordained right to guide the star of destiny.

To every observant man who visits seaboard Japan to-day the industrial movement is apparent. Compared with her status of twenty-five years ago, or with China, Japan's progressive achievements are remarkable. Indeed, her adoption, to the best of her intelligence, of Western civilization is the marvel of the decade. But there are other signs to guide the discerning man's estimate of Japan's accomplishments. The industry of Japan is feverish; it is the urgent activity of a people hurrying to lessen the distance but recently revealed by the light of civilization as separating them from the progressive world. It is the impulsive rush of a people with very few individuals competent to lead them, and those few held in national esteem largely through the success of the war against China.

Japan has some able men in her service. Her officials are as clean-handed as able, and it is to the unceasing efforts and soaring ambition of these that the country owes its extraordinary advancement. So far as the average Japanese is concerned, it is a case of civilization being thrust upon him, and to which he yields readily because it offers new channels of trade, and gratifies a vanity that is perhaps more predominant in this than in any other race. So we find the Japanese, in the very heat of his evolution, industrious on occasions to a degree short only of that of the Chinese (usually his industry is by fits and starts), greedy for gain, ever suspicious of ridicule, exceedingly sensitive to criticism—as he who is uncertain of himself and vain invariably is—superficial, as he must naturally be in his grasp of things he can but partially understand, and with little idea of the moral responsibility of contracts. The Japanese lacks the mental poise, the probity, the perseverance, and the inventive genius of the Yankee, to whom he is prone to liken himself.



LOADING COAL-BOAT AT NAGASAKI.
Two Thousand Tons can be put on a Steamer by this Process in a Day.

Japan's Mikado, and the counsellors with whom he is surrounded, evidently know the limitations of their people, and are beginning at the very foundation—*viz.*, in the schools—to enlarge the people mentally and physically. There are very few countries long accounted civilized that have so complete a school system as Japan. How thorough and how advanced the course of instruction may be I had no time satisfactorily to ascertain; but at least it will be elementary, and that is sufficient to the present needs of the Japanese people.

If we approach Japan as a country recently become alive to its great resources, and to its need of civilization for their development, we may look upon the extraordinary results of a quarter-century of endeavor. It all depends on the point of view. As an industrial figure the Japanese is a marvel.

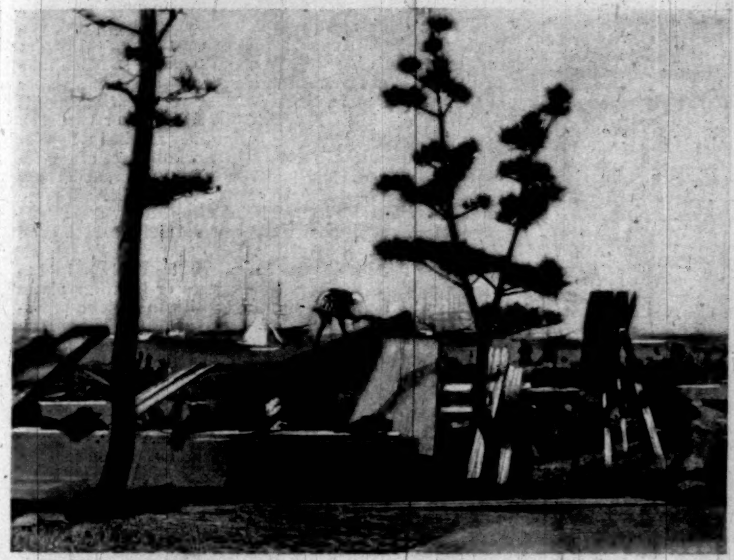
The opening days of Japan's industrial movement may be said to have been about in 1870. It was thereabouts that the governmental Agricultural Department and the Department of Public Works were instituted, and from the inauguration of these date Japan's first real progressive efforts. The first serious endeavors were along engineering lines. There had been a smattering gained from the Dutch, which had resulted in a dry dock at Yokosuka, twenty-six miles from Yokohama, but no native engineering movement took form before about 1870.

The result of this movement was the first Japanese railroad, constructed by the imperial government between Kobé (at the head of the Inland Sea, and one of the most important ports of Japan) and Osaka, another line being simultaneously constructed between the capital, Tokio, and Yokohama. All told, there were forty miles of railroad in 1870. To-day there are about 2000 miles in operation, on which upwards of one hundred American locomotives run—as much on account of American builders delivering orders exactly on specified contract time as because of the superiority of the American locomotive over the product of English and German firms.

Along the lines of engineering there have been greater endeavor and more results. As I have said, there was but one dry dock in 1870. Now the government has three ship-building dry-dock yards—one each at Saseiho (near Nagasaki), at Kure (near Hiroshima), and at Kobé; there is also one in course of construction on the Inland Sea, and one of granite building at Kure, which, it is said, will be one of the finest in the world. Besides these there are private docks at Nagasaki (Mitshu Bishi yard), at Kobé (Kawasaki yard), and at Tokio (Ishikawajinia yard). There are other small ones at Osaka, two new private ones building at Wraga, near Yokosuka, and altogether there are in Japan, government and private, completed and in course of construction, eleven modern dry-dock yards.

Nor is this the end of engineering activity. The government is about establishing large steel-works at Kiusiu, which will comprise Bessemer converters and Siemens blast-furnaces. It is intended not only to manufacture steel castings and forgings for marine and general engineering purposes, but to make their own gun-forgings, in addition to those now made at the Kure gun-factory.

It does not speak well for either American or British enterprise that the first batch of orders for these steel-works should have been secured by Germany, which in this industry cuts a small figure compared with her English-speaking neighbors. The Japanese government has appointed a native committee to be answerable for these works, and for the outlay made an appropriation of about five million yen—the Japanese dollar—which is equal to two and a half million dollars. The government has also recently negotiated for a foreign loan of about three million yen, and issued bonds on the approved modern basis.



A RELIC OF THE OLD DAYS—JAPANESE METHOD OF SAWING.

The effect of this engineering activity is, of course, to be seen in the navy. Japan has to-day some fifty to sixty ships of war, a number of them captured from the Chinese, and a considerable proportion of the total number not of the modern type. But a third of them are of a good type, and a fourth are of the best. Several of these have been built in their own dock-yard; one is a 4500-ton cruiser; and there is now laid the keel of a 14,000-ton battle-ship, which will be one of the largest ever built. I have no statistics at hand, but, unless my memory plays me false, England has no battle-ship larger than 14,000 tons, and our *Indiana* approximates that size. Japan's navy from the beginning has been trained on English lines, although she has no marine corps. Besides the big battle-ship, there are now building in Japanese dock-yards seven cruisers of different classes.

Japan's army, at first trained by the French and, in artillery, by the Italians, has in recent times been under the instruction of the Germans. Its manœuvring against the disorganized and ill equipped Chinese troops did not always reveal the German precision and strategic force; but the Japanese make obedient and enduring soldiers, and they support one another admirably. In time, perhaps, this branch of the service will equal the navy; at all events, no effort is being spared to bring about such a result. At all the schools calisthenics have been introduced, and the setting-up drill of the soldier forms a regular feature of the curriculum. There are government schools for especial instruction in infantry, artillery, cavalry, and, of course, in engineering. There is, moreover, a conscription service patterned after Germany's. Every boy must serve three years in the army, unless he happen to be the support of his family, in which case he is excused. Those who attend any of the government schools become cadets under the government, and wear uniforms to give them local distinction. It is extraordinary on the heads of how many youngsters one sees the cap of one of these schools. Under the present plans of the government, Japan within five years will have a standing army of upwards of 150,000. What she wants of it no one but a Japanese knows, and he has no very definite idea beyond its being an indication of civilization and a menace to Russia.

In his present frame of mind, the Japanese is, without doubt, the "cockiest" individual on the face of this globe. He has not the smallest doubt that his good-nature alone is answerable for the immunity of mightier nations than China from Japan's chastisement. He realizes the individual superiority of the Anglo-Saxon, and hates him for it, for all he meets him with (to the Anglo-Saxon) distressing obsequiousness. But he has unbounded confidence in Japan's military prowess. It is an indication of his half-enlightenment that the Japanese does not appreciate how feeble a defence poor China made, in her political corruption and lack of unity.

It is the dream of the Japanese to become a great nation, and to that end is the continual building up of the navy, the steady enlargement of the army. Apparently, in their minds, military demonstration is akin to greatness. And demonstration appears to be about all the occupation the Japanese army and navy seem likely to have, unless Russia should make a belligerent movement in Korea. Japan would undoubtedly fight to keep any power from attaching Korea—and no one wants it save Russia, who covets it for a winter port.

All this activity in Japan costs money, and the progressive party has not moved without difficulty. Indeed, the increased taxation, the neglect of the public services, the division of opinions, have brought about a very earnest political disturbance, and signs are not wanting that a ministerial change in Japan is imminent. The deficiency in next year's budget, before the government has fulfilled its promise "thoroughly to reform the administration and to adjust the finances," has created a serious division of parties. At present political life seems dominated by personal rancor and factional war, meantime to the neglect of national interests.

Besides these political differences, there are disturbing elements at work among the people, and none more annoying than the *Soshi*, a body of students, so called, but who in very fact are agitators after the most approved Western pattern. The *Soshi* are supposed to be sons of higher-class men than constitute the people, who in feudal times were the fighting forces, and who now in these times of peace and civilization find their employment gone. They go in bands throughout the country, harangue the people, and have been associated with the assassination of well-known political leaders. They are unprincipled, daring, and becoming decidedly menacing, as the following instance of their method of operation will show:

The government had advertised for bids to put in water-pipes at Hiroshima. When the name of the successful contractor had been made known, a band of the *Soshi* went to Hiroshima, and despite the police and the fact of its being garrisoned by soldiers, took possession of the town, levied 1000 yen tribute on the contractor, got it, and departed without molestation at that time or thereafter by the town police or the government.

To the Western mind it would appear that Japan can utilize to advantage some of the martial steam of her surplus troops in giving the *Soshi* their quietus.

The situation in Japan now provides, in fact, a rather troublesome problem for the progressionist party, and a

DRIVING PILES BY HUMAN POWER.

most interesting state of affairs to the Occidental on-looker. And it is summed up in few words. Japan has come to a point where her future depends on original and creative motive power, so to say. Up to now her energies have been directed in adopting the ways and means and methods of the Western world. She has put on our garments, taken our machinery, copied (in a way) our methods of doing business. She has taken ready made what we had to give, and borrowed our talent to teach her how to use it. Now it remains to be seen what she will do with it.

By her avowed policy she is about to plunge for herself. Her motto is Japan for the Japanese. As fast as natives master the handling of machinery the imported operators are sent home, all of which is commendable enough; but students of the situation are agreed in considering the action a bit premature. Japan is a long way behind any of the Western nations in civilization; civilization has, in fact, but made its way to the edge of Japan, and its meaning is appreciated as yet by only a small proportion of the Japanese. Thus far Japan has been a copyist. If she would stand alone she must acquire originality, ability to use to the best and to every advantage the lessons she has received; and this may not be done without a thorough understanding of fundamentals and ability to utilize them. She gives no evidence of having progressed so far.

YOKOHAMA, *October 25, 1897.*

AMATEUR SPORT

MR. CASPAR WHITNEY *will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, including a tour of observation in the West and in Europe, and on a hunting expedition for big game in Siam, which he has undertaken for* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

During MR. WHITNEY'S *absence this Department will publish contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.*

CALL FOR A HIGH STANDARD IN COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

BY WALTER CAMP.

FOR fifteen years a steady struggle has been waged against the professional element in our college athletics. There have been times when those who uncompromisingly insisted upon the preservation of a high standard were indeed few. The large majority were lukewarm, and while disapproving of the downright professional, were still unwilling to criticise too strongly minor defections. With the increasing interest in athletic sports came greater temptations. The advertising to be obtained by means of a temporary athletic triumph seemed worth paying for when the payment was light, and lay principally in a temporary blindness as to the make-up of the organization. But the penalty of such lack of moral stamina has usually been paid with interest.

No effort can be too great for alumni and undergraduates to make in the attempt to maintain athletic purity and careful selection of the men who are to represent the universities in athletic sports. A high standard entails not only freedom from professionalism, but also means placing the conduct of the sport in the hands of the best men, and the consequent continual elevation of the athletic organization.

It means that the public acquire a respect for the universities, and with that respect a desire to imitate so far as possible the methods so exploited. Therefore the result of a high standard at the universities is the maintenance throughout the country, in school, college, and athletic club, of a better average *morale*.

One of the greatest difficulties that have menaced our athletics in this country has been the lack of tradition, and the consequent impossibility of securing uniformity of action. Whenever it came to a matter of rules, there has been a tendency for each party to make its own, and this has especially been the case in college athletics, where the standards have been for the most part high, but where suspicion of one another has taken too prominent a place. The shifting of opinions has often brought about not only accusations of inconsistency, but temporary quarrels and separations.

Lack of something upon which to base uniformity of action led college boat-racing, after eight-oared boating in 1852, to flounder about for seventeen years through all kinds of boats and rigging—four-oared, six-oared, with coxswain, without coxswain, shells, barges, lapstreaks—before settling down to something satisfactory and stable. There is no need to go through such a period in settling upon an eligibility code.

Here is something that is intensely vital, and whether the college or university be a large one or small one, whether it be prominent or little known, it makes no matter; its code of eligibility should be a sound one, and however small the college or however large the university, it should join in the general attempt to make college athletics the athletics of gentlemen, pure and simple.

Even as far back as the fifties eligibility was a question sometimes raised, but it was not then so much a matter of the threat of a professional element as that of the representation of the university. One of the earliest of these questions was raised between Harvard and Yale in 1869. Since 1855 these two universities had in boating forbidden representation from the graduate schools. In that year, however, Harvard proposed sending a four-oared crew to England, and her captain, Mr. Loring, requested Mr. Copp, the Commodore of the Yale Navy, to suspend the rule for that year's race in order that two graduates, whom he expected to take for his English crew, might row in the race against Yale. This request was immediately granted.

Not until 1874 did the question arise again, and then Harvard, at a convention of twelve colleges of the Rowing Association, proposed that members of professional schools should be eligible. The motion was lost, 9 to 3.

In 1876, however, the rule was established that graduates studying at their own university for a second degree should be eligible.

But the question of professionalism as we now know it was hardly raised until the end of the seventies, when, at the formation of the Inter-collegiate Baseball Association, there was a difference of opinion over the eligibility of the battery of one of the universities because they had played on a professional nine.

This matter, while not pressed the first year, was attended to in the following season. The early history of college sports is thus comparatively free from these blemishes, but it must be remembered that the interest was not then nearly so keen, and hence the temptation, while not entirely absent, was by no means so great as it has been of late years.

For over two years in most of our colleges and universities there has been on all sides a sincere desire to effect reforms in athletic management, and the principal difficulty lay in lack of uniformity of action. To this was in some instances added the "holier-than-thou" element, which forbade a college taking any steps in rule-making that might lead people to suspect an abuse which in its particular case did not perhaps exist.

Soon after the first of the year Mr. Whitney and the writer, acting upon independent lines, took up an investigation of the eligibility rules governing athletics at the various colleges and universities. The study proved an interesting one, but one involving a considerable amount of labor. Feeling that the real interests would be better conserved by unanimity of action, it was determined to mass together the information gained by the two investigations, and collaborate upon a result.

It was found (and the few quotations appended from letters received show this) that there was a general willingness, and even eagerness, among those interested in athletics to follow up the best lines of action, that the need of well-determined rules of eligibility as a protection both to the college or university and to athletics was felt quite generally, and, finally, that conventions often failed of their real object simply from lack of some definite form of eligibility rule.

"As you will see, the faculty have kept in close touch with athletics here through their representatives on the Athletic Board, and the executive committee of the same. None but *bona fide* students of the university have ever been permitted on any of the teams, no students have been permitted to enter who came solely for athletic purposes, and the scholarship requirements for members of teams are held rigidly at precisely the same point as for other students. Things have been, therefore, such as not to require official faculty action on such subjects, and none has been taken. Such action, however, is now in contemplation, mainly for the reason that in the present state of feeling and agitation of such matters the country over it seems desirable that we should be on record on such matters, irrespective of whether there is any local necessity for such action or not. Such regulations of the large Eastern universities as the four-year rule, the one-year-residence rule, and others of the like have not so far been necessary, because no emergency has arisen requiring their enforcement."

"I think there is no written constitution or code governing athletic associations."

"College athletics has been in a somewhat chaotic state in this institution until quite recently, hence we are not in a position to give the information you desire. We have just organized a regular athletic association, and are now working on the constitution and rules. By-the-way, can you not send us a copy of the constitution of some of the associations?"

"We have no printed regulations governing athletic sports. The peculiar nature of —— brings it about that we have comparatively little athletic sport. However, comparing life at —— with that of various Northern institutions with which I am familiar, I should say that the condition of things at —— makes it of little value to you in any general study of the athletics of American institutions."

"The truth is that we have not been able to keep up the full athletic spirit in our college thus far. I am decidedly in sympathy with college athletics, including games, and I want to be in touch with your work. I believe you can do much to give athletics a higher standing among the American colleges. Any rules or suggestions you can send us will be fully appreciated."

"I wish to express my appreciation of your kindness in writing me so fully about the rules governing athletics at ——. We are working upon the problem of athletic reform in this State, and, I hope, may reach an agreement soon. The information you have given us, with similar information from other Eastern universities, will be of much service to us."

"You will notice that the proposed changes are not many nor radical. We are practically of one mind in this matter at the university, and shall continue the battle for clean athletics through the coming year."

"We are just now revising our rules and regulations on athletics."

"I should be very glad to have something authoritative from you on the subject which I could read to the Board. I think that all the athletic associations of the different colleges should take a common stand on this subject."

"Some regulations are tacitly agreed upon; *e. g.*, that no one shall play in a team who is not a member of the college; that there shall not be inter-collegiate games with institutions at which there are regulations forbidding such games; that the teams are expected to conduct themselves like gentlemen both at home and abroad, etc.

"But we have no hard and fast rules for these things at present."

"We have had no need to legislate against professionals yet, but feel it now to some slight extent. A strict definition will be doubtless applied this spring."

"The college presidents of the State held a meeting at Topeka in January, and brought up and passed a resolution in which they agreed to use their power toward the discontinuance of football as a college sport. In refusing to vote for this resolution our president said: 'Football has been a success in——, and our team has won honor throughout the State. We did not have a serious accident this season.'

"We have recently formed an association of schools and colleges, and I hope it will, among other things, be the means of eradicating professionalism from college sport."

"Have been trying to get a copy of the constitution of our athletic association to send you, as requested. For some reason I cannot get a copy of that constitution. The 'coach' who taught our boys this particular game was a gentlemanly, upright young man, and taught them to play a clean, straight game. He also had a good influence, I think, on all the athletics of the school."

"They have laid a restraining hand upon them, for fear they should go beyond the bounds of usefulness."

"We have no general rule in regard to eligibility, each association being governed by the rules of the inter-collegiate association to which it belongs. I am glad to be able to say, however, that there is a strong feeling here at —— against everything savoring of professionalism."

"There is a good deal of agitation now among all our colleges in reference to restraints upon athletics, and I think the result will be good."

"We have no printed contract with ——, or you would be quite welcome to it. Our competitions with —— are, as a rule, determined by the respective codes of the two universities, with concessions on each side where the rules happen to differ."

"We are at this very moment engaged in formulating rules for the regulation of athletics among us."

The above letters are from representative institutions of learning, East and West, North and South, and to any one reading the entire mass of correspondence there could come but one conclusion. That conclusion is that a sweeping majority are ready to adopt honest and thorough restrictions against anything that savors of professionalism. But when the representative has gone into the convention he has carried with him his own rules, has been fearful of hidden meanings in the rules of his rival, and has been unwilling to take a bold plunge on the real merits of the case, lest upon return to his constituents he be greeted with wrath.

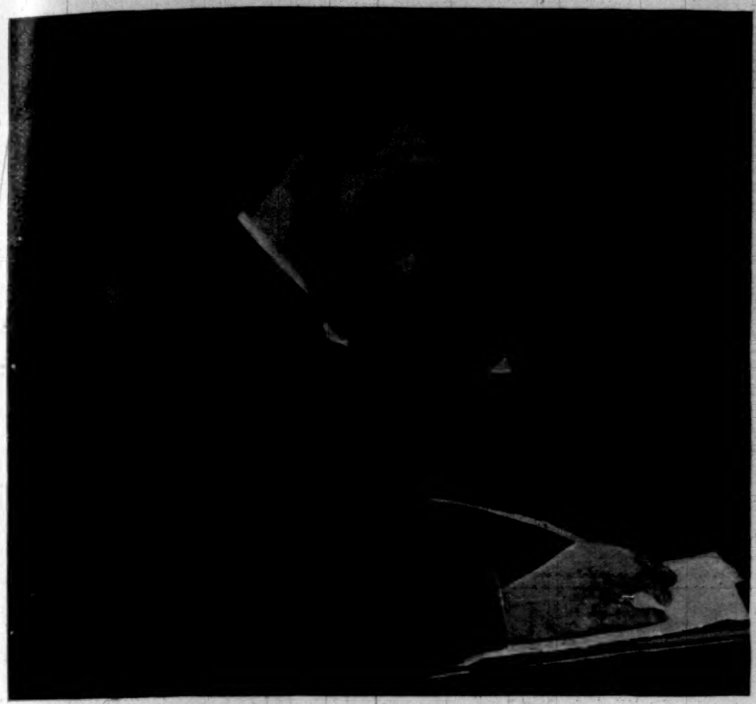
The abuses that have crept into college athletics are many, but it does not make them any the less to avoid mentioning them, and to say "hush" when the subject is approached. The beginning of almost every one of the abuses has been small, almost insignificant. In fact, in some cases it has not seemed like an abuse at all. For instance, several years ago a young man came to one of our large universities. He was poor, extremely poor, but he wanted an education. There seemed to be nothing for him to do at first, but he finally secured a position as waiter in one of the eating-houses. At that time such a duty had sometimes been performed by young men and young women in the summer at hotels, but seldom where those whom they served were their acquaintances and schoolmates. This young man was in earnest, and he put his pride in his pocket and cheerfully went about his work. He took an interest in athletics, and although his spare time was little, he made the most of it, and became one of the noted athletes of the university. There seemed in all this nothing that could but raise the honesty and vigor of athletic sport. But there were astonishing *sequelæ*. The democratic spirit of the university was touched by the work of the young man, and after a few years others were not ashamed to do what was, from one point of view, a menial duty. There happens to be a custom of athletic associations at the various colleges that at training-table a man shall pay only what he has been paying regularly for his board elsewhere. By putting this and that together, then, a young man who waited on table, and by so doing secured his board, was paying nothing. Hence he ought not to pay anything at training-table. His athletic duties took up so much time that he could not perform the regular services of a waiter at the training-table, hence he came very near having his board for nothing. Probably the first one or two such cases worked for some time before they reached this position. But then would come others, whose days of service—say in the fall, entering in late September, and being football-players—would be extremely short. And so we might have a man's living practically paid by an athletic association, and all arising from two principles, both good in themselves.

Another feature of modern college life likely to lead to serious abuse is the keeping of stores or boarding-places by men who represent the universities in athletic organizations. It is by no means impossible that more than half the men who represent a college in the field might, through the medium of waiting on table, acting as steward, or keeping stores dependent upon college patronage for existence, be men drawing their entire living directly from what, in the real nature of our amateur spirit, ought to be forbidden channels.

But if we speak thus of the indirect and sometimes unusual tendencies toward professionalism, what shall we say of the direct, the actual payment of men to take part in amateur sports? There is no wrong in open, acknowledged professionalism, but there is a blackguardism in the professional disguised as an amateur that one cannot be too severe against. A college amateur must be free from this taint. And to begin at the very root of things, when he enters college, or when he first presents himself as a candidate for an athletic team, his matriculation should be investigated, and his previous record. The man or body of men at the university who are responsible should be assured of every new name that up to the time of entering the man was an amateur—that he has been in no way, directly or indirectly, induced by hope of pecuniary profit to enter, and that his matriculation is legal in every sense. Then thereafter he must be taken care of as a representative of the university, that is, he must attend the required number of hours, and such should be not less than ten or twelve a week, must be a candidate for a degree requiring such attendance, and must express the intention sincerely of remaining for the full course. Then rules must govern him as to his scholarship. He must keep up with his class, must not be upon probation—his relations with the faculty must be satisfactory in every sense, both as regards scholarship and deportment. Should he not be a regular student in the academic or scientific departments, he should have passed at least one full year in attendance and passed the annual examinations for advance with his class. When he has represented any college or university for four years he should give way to the younger men who have not had the years and glory. He should not be a paid instructor in any department of the university while representing that university or any other upon the athletic field. He should not be permitted to play upon any of the so-called summer nines or organizations where gate-money is charged. He should not be permitted to live at athletic-club tables, save at those of his own university.

These are but the outlines of the frame-work that ought to be the main feature of any college athletic constitution, and about it should be placed every safeguard. Whenever a new danger, however small, threatens, it ought to be strengthened, and it should be the aim of every man really interested in the welfare of our college athletics to be on the watch for any insidious tendencies likely to undermine the structure, rather than to look for loop-holes by means of which the real issue may possibly be avoided. In this way, and in this way only, lie the true vigor and virility of college sport. In this way it will be kept in its proper relation to the other parts of college life, and will be an aid and a pleasure to the many who may not enjoy the direct advantages of participation.

"ON SNOW-SHOES TO THE BARREN GROUNDS."—By Caspar Whitney.—Profusely Illustrated.—8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $3 50.



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